LETTERS

FROM AN

OFFICER IN THE GUARDS

TO HIS

FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

K Ayscough (G. L)

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTERS

FROM AN

OFFICER IN THE GUARDS

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FRIEND IN ENGLAND:

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNTS

OF

FRANCE AND ITALY.

Nos patriam fugimus, nos dulcia linquimus arva.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTERS

FROM AN

OFFICER, &c.

LETTER I.

Dated from Liſle in Flanders, Sept. 8.

IT is a week to day, my dear Sir, ſince I bad adieu to my friends and family, and left England with deſign to remain ſome time on this ſide the water. On my departure, you bound me under the ſtricteſt promiſes to ſend you a narrative of the chief incidents during my travels. Believe me, Sir, it is a taſk I exe-

cute with pleaſure, and I heartily wiſh that my letters may afford you entertainment. — I mean, to ſet down in them all that happens to *me* or *mine*; if my *coach wheel*, or my *leg*, be broken, you ſhall equally be informed of it; you will receive from me a kind of journal, written in a plain *unvarniſhed* ſtile, and, perhaps, it may not prove abſolutely void of amuſement.

I arrived, Sir, at Dover, about four o'clock on a Sunday morning, being conveyed there in poſt-chaiſes and four, in about nine hours. I need not ſay that I was fatigued with this ſort of flying; I was almoſt as much ſo as the poſt-horſes themſelves; but notwithſtanding this, I had little time allowed me for reſt or refreſhment, the packet-boat being to ſet ſail between ſeven and eight that morning, at which hour the tide ſerved, and the

wind

wind (though very high) blew tolerably fair for Calais.

I will not trouble you with the manner in which I paſt three hours on that boiſterous element, which is my averſion; let it ſuffice to ſay, that I was tolerably ſick, in concert with a dozen other paſſengers, moſt of whom were worſe than myſelf, and at whoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes, and abſurd exclamations, I could not help (*between whiles*) exerciſing my riſible faculties.

About twelve at noon we came very near Calais; but as there was not water enough for the packet to get into the harbour, we lay beating backwards and forwards for full three quarters of an hour, which dreadfully increaſed our ſickneſs. We every moment expected a boat to come along ſide of us, but during all this time none approached: ſome one of the paſſengers,

indeed, informed us that the boatmen were at maſs, and that, in all probability, this occaſioned their delay; but he was miſtaken in his idea; for it was not (as we afterwards learned) the religion of theſe miſcreants which detained them, but a fear of rowing out of the harbour in ſuch ſtormy weather: at length, however, ſome Monſieurs, more hardy than the reſt, came out in a large ſix-oared boat to our relief. My joy was by no means inconſiderable, when I firſt heard theſe tidings;—I reeled, like a drunkard, along the cabin, and, with great difficulty, got upon deck; but I own I was not a little diſmayed at ſeeing the boat dancing up and down on the waves, ſo as to riſe ſeveral feet high, and into which there was no poſſible means of getting, except at that inſtant, when it mounted high enough to be even with the deck of the packet: if you miſſed your ſtep, your limbs muſt be broken, or you might fall into the ſea

headlong.—Well, there was no time for conſideration, and the dread of being toſſed about four hours longer in the veſſel, before which time ſhe could get into port, overcame all my fears, and perſuaded me to accompany the captain and about five others, and truſt myſelf to winds and waters. Believe me, we were ſcarce clear of the ſhip before I repented of my reſolution; for I could plainly perceive that I was in a very dangerous ſituation, the united ſtrength of the rowers being ſcarce ſufficient to make the boat maintain her courſe towards the ſhore: we were thrown from one wave to another, and appeared to be the ſport of Neptune. But no words can deſcribe my feelings, when ſeveral waves coming rolling along upon us, burſt with impetuous force over our boat, and filled it near a third part full of water. As I ſat near againſt the ſteerage, they broke againſt *me*, and *I* firſt ſuſtained their violence, and

was as wet as if I had plunged into the ocean; nay, I was in doubt for a moment whether the boat had not foundered. All theſe dangers and difficulties were, however, at length ſurmoutned, and we arrived at Calais (thank Heaven!) without any material accident; though I cannot help fancying that my appearance was a good deal like that of a wretch who is condemned to be half drowned, in order to prevent the approaches of canine madneſs. During our walk to the inn, the captain of the packet informed us, that our ſafe landing was partly owing to the goodneſs of the boat's crew; and added, that he had hardly ever ſeen French watermen ſo brave in time of danger: he told us alſo, that he had once been on a very ſtormy ſea in one of thoſe boats, the crew of which were ſoon diſheartened, and, giving themſelves up for loſt, laid aſide their oars, and betook themſelves to their *beads*, *ſaints*, and *croſſes*, in company with

which

which they would ſoon have gone to the bottom, had not the captain dealt amongſt them ſome hard Engliſh blows, and abſolutely forced them to take again into their hands thoſe uſeful implements, by the help of which only they could hope to be relieved from their diſtreſs, or have the leaſt chance of getting ſafe into harbour. I forgot to tell you, that on our arrival on ſhore we were beſet by ragamuffins of different denominations, wretches without ſhoes or ſtockings, who modeſtly ſtiled themſelves *porters*, and begged leave, one to carry a band-box, another a bundle, and ſuch ſort of light baggage, to our *hotel*, or the *cuſtom houſe*. Scarce were we freed from theſe, when another troop aſſailed us, rather better clad, indeed, but equally troubleſome and officious: and theſe were the ſervants of the different inns in the town, who each *ſeverally* preſſed us to conſent to be fleeced by their *ſeveral* rogueiſh maſters, whilſt

one of them obſerved that he had brought a coach for his maſter's gueſts, which ſhould convey them from the *water ſide* to the hotel, without any expence whatever. Poor I was ſo wet and dirty, that I would not defile the lining of the *remiſe*; I therefore rejected the *generous* offer, and proceeded *on foot* to another hotel, where I procured a *bon bouillon*, got between two blankets, and ſlept for a couple of hours, waked very much refreſhed, and, together with my companion, petitioned the landlord to ſupply us with dry linen of all ſorts, our own being ſtill aboard: he complied with our requeſt, and, by the bye, next day he pretended that ſome part of his own was packed up by miſtake in our trunks, and made us pay about twice its value. After having eat a very hearty dinner, and drank each a bottle of very tolerable Burgundy, we proceeded to a ſmall theatre, where the officers quartered in the town performed a play for their amuſement,

amuſement, and gave the *entrée* to all the *gens comme il faut*, in which number we were happily included. After the play we ſaw a ridiculous fire-work, made by a Capuchin Friar, and exhibited on the *Gránde Place*; and this was followed by a ball at the Commandant's, to which we were very politely invited, but we did not think it worth while to deprive ourſelves of a night's reſt, which we ſo much wanted, in order to be preſent at that entertainment. On Monday morning I ſaw all that was worth ſeeing at Calais, which, to ſay the truth, is little or nothing. There are in it two convents of Engliſh nuns, with whom any gentleman may converſe, *he* being in the *parlour*, *ſhe* on the other ſide a *double grate*, and by theſe *religious* damſels he may be finely gulled and cheated, and purchaſe purſes, flowers and embroidered ſhoes, at a much higher price than in the ſhops at Paris.

The

The town of Calais is in itſelf far from extenſive, but it is inhabited by an odd mixture of wretches, viz. *Aubergiſtes*, who, like *ſharks*, ſeize on the ſea gulls at their landing—Engliſh raſcals, who are ſettled there on purpoſe to deceive and impoſe on their countrymen—a few French officers, who are doomed for ſome months to gaze on the ocean, without the power of paſſing it—and many female *devotees*, whoſe whole time is taken up in going to and from the churches, wrapt up in thoſe kind of cloaks, which are called in England *riding hoods*. Whoever has ſeen Hogarth's famous print, has ſeen a true repreſentation of the gates of Calais, except that the old fiſh-women are infinitely more ugly; and, indeed, let an Engliſhman give what ſcope he will to his fancy, he can never form a true idea of the old French female peaſants; for even the maſks of the wretches in our pantomines

are

are more human, and exhibit to us a leſs horrid appearance, than their ſallow wrinkled viſages.

The next morning, or rather noon, (for both my companion and I hated early riſing) we left the moſt deteſtable and moſt impoſing town in all the French king's dominions, and at night got ſafe to St. Omer's, where he and I had a ſupper for about three ſhillings each, which would have coſt us at leaſt two guineas in London.

St. Omer's is a large town, well built, and extremely well fortified, to which many a broken Engliſh and Iriſh *adventurer* has been too happy to retire, to live there cheaply and at his eaſe, and laugh in his ſleeve at the importunities of his deluded creditors: nay, to ſay the truth, Dunkirk, and almoſt all the ſea-ports which are a few hours ſail from Albion, are diſgraced

by ſuch inhabitants, whom (as the great Shakeſpear phraſes it)

" Their o'er-gorg'd country vomits forth."

Nay, it was here (at St. Omer's) that I ſaw a famous Engliſh procureſs, who being obliged to retreat from the purlieus of St. James's on account of numerous debts, which even the extravagant generoſity of her noble cuſtomers did not diſcharge, choſe here to take up her abode, and where ſhe lived quite *honetement*, even without exerciſing her former profeſſion. I ſaw her handed acroſs the *Gránde Place* by a French officer, *chapeau ſur le bras*, with an umbrella held over her ſacred head by one negro ſervant, and her train ſupported by another.

In this town there is a fine church, with a moſt ſuperb organ in it, which is fourſcore feet in heighth, and carved and gilt in a moſt maſterly manner. There is alſo

an

an odd cuſtom exiſts here, which is of great antiquity, viz. that of no perſon being ſuffered to paſs along the ſtreets at night without a light, every one being aſked by the centinels, "*Ou eſt ton feu?*" and if they have none, they are conveyed to the guard-room, from whence (if they are not able to give a good account of themſelves) they are ſent to priſon; but any fire, even a lighted pipe, exempts them from this danger. I imagine that this cuſtom muſt originally have taken its riſe from the dread of conſpiracy.

From St. Omer's we took the direct road to Liſle, and paſſing through *Bethune*, and ſome other fortified places, we arrived at Liſle, according to our cuſtom, after the gates were ſhut; theſe, however, by favour of the governor, were opened to us. We entered that famous city, where young Engliſh officers are often ſent for improvement

provement in fortification, which branch of uſeful military knowledge they generally ſtudy in the *coffee-houſe* and at the *gaming-table*. Adieu for a deſcription of Liſle: I ſhall refer you to a future epiſtle; for I fear that this has already exhauſted your great ſtock of patience.

Yours moſt ſincerely.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Dated from Reims in Champagne.

LISLE is a large and well built town; it is alſo eſteemed to be ſurrounded by the beſt fortifications of any city in Flanders. They are all regular, and after the deſigns of Vauban. I ſent to aſk the commandant's leave to view them, which being obtained, I went round, attended by a ſoldier of the garriſon; of him I learnt ſome particulars of the French diſcipline. It was very ſtrict and ſevere in all reſpects, and particularly in caſes of deſertion: a deſerter was almoſt always *ſhot*, or if for ſome material reaſon that ſentence was not executed, he underwent one more *cruel*, and generally as *fatal*; he was condemned to *paſſen parles baguettes*, or run the gauntlet through a line of three or four thouſand men, and to

paſs

paſs backwards and forwards ſo often, that frequently his bowels were cut out by the twigs of his bloody executioners: and yet all this ſeverity did not anſwer the purpoſe; for the men deſerted in vaſt numbers, and the crime was infinitely oftener committed, in compariſon, than it is in our army, where a capital puniſhment is very rarely inflicted. From him (the ſoldier) I alſo was informed of a new regulation which has lately taken place in the French troops, which is that of every new-made officer, let his rank in life be what it will, being obliged to do the duty firſt of a private ſoldier, then of a corporal, and ſo on till he arrives at the commiſſion he himſelf bears, and to act in each ſtation for a certain period, with *ſome few* allowances and alleviations of hardſhips on account of his gentility. This is moſt certainly a very military order, and muſt neceſſarily make compleat and well inſtructed officers.

There

There are always three or four thouſand men in garriſon in this city, and in war a far greater number; though to fortify properly, and man the town and citadel, it would take at leaſt thirty thouſand ſoldiers.

I ſaw the parade every morning, which was formed on a Grande Place, with the greateſt exactneſs, and in the moſt military manner. The troops were, indeed, dreſſed in *white*, which do not make ſo ſoldier-like an appearance as *red*, but their cloaths were all cut alike; and the officers being nearly in the ſame uniform with the men, equally erect, and equally attentive, they could not fail to ſtrike every beholder with admiration, and at the ſame time with aſtoniſhment, when he remembered how eaſily they were vanquiſhed in the laſt war, by an inferior number of rough, ill-cloathed, and worſe diſciplined Britons.

The more I conſider the trifling pay of the French officers, the more I am ſurpriſed how they are able to ſubſiſt. A lieutenant has no more than fifteen pence a day, and with this, and perhaps with about thirty pounds more *per annum*, he contrives to find himſelf in lodging, eating, drinking, and many little ſuperfluities; nay, ſometimes he does all this without any help from his relations. About ſix livres he gives monthly to the theatre, which the officers are ordered to attend merely (like children) to keep them out of miſchief, and where they often go as unwillingly as boys to ſchool, as it hinders them from following more intereſting purſuits.

At Liſle the plays are very well performed, and in a neat compact *Salle des Spectacles:* they are acted about five times a week, and begin at five in the evening, which is a very proper time, as the general dinner hour is about one, or two at lateſt.

During

During my ſtay at Liſle I dined frequently at a table *d' hôte*, or ordinary, to which no perſon, except the officers and gentlemen, or ſuch at leaſt as had that *appearance*, were admitted.

As the difference of living, in point of elegance, variety, and above all expence, is ſo very great between this country and England, it may not, perhaps, be impertinent to give you one of our bills of fare at the abovementioned ordinary. We were about eleven in company, and paid no more than fifteen pence Engliſh per head, for which trifling ſum the table was covered in the following manner: viz.

A ſoupe and boullie.
A fricaſſee of two or three chickens.
A diſh of mutton cutlets.
A ragout of rabbits.
A fricando of veal.
A large capon roaſted.

A loin of veal roaſted.
A hare.
A diſh of artichoaks.
Peaſe and tarts.

With a deſert of peaches, plums, pears, filberts, biſcuits, cheeſe, and even wine included.

I remember a Frenchman of greater *appetite* than *fortune* once ſaid to me in England over a ſolitary beef-ſtake, " C'eſt " une grande pais que l'Angleterre, mais " on ne mange pas." Now I am far from thinking his obſervation unjuſt, nay, I am convinced that nothing would make an Engliſhman prefer that beef-ſtake to French delicacy, if it had not the very reliſhing and luxurious ſauces of freedom and liberty.

I left Liſle about one o'clock on the 2d of September, and proceeded on my way

way to Lyons with great eagerneſs. I paſſed through Douay and Cambray, two large towns, but not containing much food for the hungry mind of the traveller.

At Douay there is indeed a fine arſenal, and a very famous French univerſity. The former I beheld with little pleaſure, as it is greatly inferior to that of the Tower of London; and as to the latter, a man muſt be ridiculous to attempt to form the leaſt opinion of it, by merely taking a curſory view of the building. In regard to Cambray it is an archbiſhoptick; and the epiſcopal palace, as well as the cathedral, are handſome Gothic ſtructures. There are alſo ſome fine paintings by Annibal Carracci, in the church of St. Sepulchre.

In the next day's journey I paſs'd through no towns of conſequence, except St. Quintin and Laon; the firſt a ſtraggling ill-built city, the other a very antient one,

built on a prodigious eminence, and ſurrounded by ruinous fortifications. I have travelled lately through a fine open country, ſo very extenſive, that it has often afforded for ten miles on a dead flat. The farther I proceed, the more I perceive the juſtice with which Shakeſpear calls the land I am now in, *The vaſty field of France.* As the country on each ſide of the road for many leagues is a wide champaign, without any kind of encloſure. As far as the eye can ſtretch, it extends itſelf frequently over a *ſea* of *corn*, which, when agitated by the wind, is indented by a *thouſand waves*, and forms a ſtriking and beautiful appearance.

I have ever found that mere *deſcription* was tedious: I ſhall therefore endeavour to interſperſe my letters with anecdotes, remarks, and obſervations, and hope thereby to render them more entertaining, if not inſtructive.

During this and ſeveral former expeditions to the Continent, I have ſtudied the manners of the French nation, and I have found them volatile, even to a degree of childiſhneſs. To all *rules* there are, doubtleſs, *exceptions*; but a Frenchman is, in general, an unlettered prejudiced fop, though frequently a pretended philoſopher. It is more uncommon to ſee the lower ſort out of ſpirits than out of elbows; for in this country (ſtrange to relate!) the ſong and the dance are the companions to ſlavery and poverty. All ranks of men, almoſt of all ages, ſeek after pleaſure, or rather amuſement, with a wonderful avidity; and there are many who debar themſelves of neceſſaries, in order to laviſh their ſols on the ſpectacle, or the comedie. Of this I ſaw at Liſle a very ſtriking inſtance: on the Grande Place there was a puppet ſhow, and a very courteous gentlewoman invited the company by theſe expreſſions; " Entrez

" donc vite chez les *grandes* marionets. Il
" y des places à doux ſols pour la nobleſſe,
" des places à ſix ſols pour meſſieurs les
" bourgeois de la ville, et il y a auſſi des
" places à deux ſols pour *meſſieurs les mi-*
" *litaires, et pour meſſieurs les enfans!*"

There was, I aſſure you, a larger number of *their honours the ſoldiers, than of their honours the children,* who crouded into this little temple of diſſipation; and the former, who have but five ſols a day, chooſe rather to give two of them to live on offal, than better their fare, and not partake of the *groſſiereté* of Punch, and the *bon mots* of Harlequin.

You may, perhaps, take the following anecdote for a fable, but I aſſure you it is a real fact. At Liſle, during the whole time the prieſt was ſaying maſs on a Sunday morning, except juſt the minute when the hoſt or ſacrament was elevated, the muſic

muſic of the regiments was playing cotillions in a gallery in the church; and to theſe jovial ſounds the people ſeemed more attentive, than to their devotions, as the one was well ſuited to their volatile turn, and the other too ſerious to have any powers of attraction.

But they are all attached to trifles of different natures; even the pretended philoſophers, (of which there are a great many, it being the *ton*, or faſhion, to aſſume that character) even *they* confine their minds to the ſcrutinizing of the moſt inſignificant objects, and employ their time in little uſeleſs ſtudies, making very often the moſt futile obſervations, whereby they think to demonſtrate their ſuperior learning and diſcernments. Of this I will give you a moſt laughable example: one of theſe philoſophers, *ſoi diſants*, aſked me the following queſtion, " Monſieur, Sçavez " vous ce qu'un *homme fait quand il piſſe?*"

I tried

I tried in vain to anſwer or expound this difficult problem; I made ſeveral ridiculous replies to no purpoſe; but at length this deep reſearcher into the hidden ſecrets of nature let me know his curious diſcovery in theſe terms, " Il ſerre cul."

I remember another who looked over a cabinet of curioſities, obſerved to its proprietor that he admired his repoſitory, but that he himſelf had a guſto of a different nature, and following its dictates: he had made another kind of extraordinary collection, and this was of *knives*, of which he had great quantities, and, literally, *ſixteen* in his pockets at that moment: this he ſtiled the *culto-manie*, or *knife-madneſs*; and, truly, I think that he was a proper patient for the hoſpital *des Fous*.

There are now at Paris amongſt the people of quality, many who are infected with the *Anglo-manie*, or a mad rage for aping

aping Engliſh cuſtoms, manners, and habits, whereby they run into follies and extremes, of which poor John Bull never had any idea: even when they affect to dreſs themſelves *à l'Angloiſe*, it either bears no reſemblance, or elſe it is *outré'd* in the moſt extravagant manner. As a proof of the former, I ſaw a lady of high rank, with a hat about twice as big as the palm of one's hand, which was pinn'd on one ſide of her head, adorned with artificial flowers, like a ſhepherdeſs, and in this attire ſhe deemed herſelf an abſolute Engliſh woman. As a proof of the latter, I ſaw a young count a few days ago at Paris, with three footmen in boots and jockey caps behind his chariot.

I will now return to the *deſcriptive*, and conclude my letter with an account of that city from which it is dated.

Rheims

Rheims is the capital of Champagne, and is an extenſive ancient city. It is here the French king is conſecrated, which ceremony anſwers to our coronation: it is performed in the cathedral, which is by far the moſt magnificent Gothic pile I ever beheld. The outſide of it is decorated with numerous ſtatues and ornaments: the inſide is very ſpacious, and the windows of glaſs curiouſly painted. The choir alſo is remarkably beautiful, and the high altar richly adorned with golden entablatures. There is alſo a great quantity of gold and ſilver worked up into ſacred utenſils, and ſeveral prieſtly veſtments embroidered with jewels; all which are preſerved in the church treaſury, and are preſents from the kings of France, and the archbiſhops of Rheims, at their ſeveral conſecrations. Adieu.

Ever yours ſincerely.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Dated from Dijon in Burgundy.

I WRITE you this from the capital of Burgundy, of which I cannot give you a particular account, a ſlight illneſs having prevented my taking a ſurvey of this city: I can only therefore judge of it by having driven through it in my carriage; but it appeared to me to be a large town, indifferently built; and I did not hear that it contained any curioſities either of art or nature. Notwithſtanding this, it is often the place of reſidence of young Engliſhmen, who are ſent over to learn the French language, as it is ſaid to be ſpoken there in the greateſt purity. This, however, not being my motive for travelling, I had not the leaſt inclination to ſtay at Dijon, which at that time wore a very *ſombre* appearance; for the parliament, held

held there, did not fit, and the troop of comedians were abſent: I therefore haſtened my departure for Lyons.

Since my laſt letter, dated from Rheims, I have paſſed through two large towns in my way to this city, viz. *Chalons* and *Langres*, in neither of which the moſt minute traveller could find one hour's amuſement. The latter, indeed, is viſible at near three leagues diſtance, it being built on a prodigious eminence. This renders the aſcent to it *en voiture*, exceedingly tedious, and to me it was ſtill more ſo on account of an accident: juſt at the brow of the hill one of the horſes fell, and got his leg into the fore wheel of the carriage: a French poſtillion, and the language he talks to his fellow-brutes, the poſt-horſes, can never fail of affording food for laughter; but on this occaſion I was witneſs to a ſcene which would have extorted a ſmile from the graveſt, or moſt

phlegmatic

phlegmatic of mankind: I will endeavour to ſet down ſome of the circumſtances, though, to ſay the truth, it beggars all deſcription. As ſoon as the driver beheld the poor beaſt in the abovementioned dilemma, he loaded him with ridiculous reproaches and appellations, but offered him little or no aſſiſtance, except knocking at his foot with a large flint ſtone, which he picked up in the highway. This taſk, however, ſoon became very laborious for one of his indolent conſtitution: he, therefore, threw aſide his unavailing *hammer*, and proceeding leiſurely to a neigbouring crucifix, he put up fruitleſs petitions to the Deity. Theſe, it may be imagined, ſtood him in leſs ſtead than his former expedient: he therefore again returned to the poor ſuffering horſe, and wept over him through mere vexation: he then (drying up his tears) began to reaſon with him coolly on his misfortune, which he told him he had brought on himſelf

himſelf by abſolute careleſſneſs, and concluded, by adviſing him not to look round at paſſengers, the horſe having by accident turned his neck, in order to render his poſture leſs painful. I then undertook to plead the cauſe of the diſtreſſed *houynmn*, but it was all in vain; the poſtillion ſaid he had done his utmoſt, and that the *ſacré Bete* muſt find out ſome means to extricate his leg, or remain there till doomſday. At this inſtant my Engliſh ſervant (who was always a league behind, becauſe he ſtopt to drink at every poſt) came up, damned the French bougre, backed the carriage, and the horſe was up again, and ready to proceed in a twinkling. I forgot to tell you, that the other poſtillion, who rode the foremoſt horſes, refuſed to take part in the affair, and ſmoked his ſhort pipe very comfortably, and remained an unconcerned ſpectator during the whole performance.

I have, during this journey, paſſed through a great part of Champagne and Burgundy. The former is the more mountainous country, and the ſides of ſeveral of its very high hills are planted with vines, which, doubtleſs, ſome time hence, when the vintage commences, will be more charming to the eye, than at preſent; for at this ſeaſon the Champagne grapes were but juſt beginning to turn colour. The proſpects, notwithſtanding, were beautiful beyond conception; they were finely diverſified by fruitful hills and well cultivated vales, through which, for many miles, the river Marne meanders, which ſtream, though neither deep nor wide, is of a tranſparency equal to cryſtal, and is, as the poet ſays of the Thames,

"Without o'erflowing, full."

Burgundy is a more flat country, but very fruitful; it is planted chiefly with

 vineyards,

vineyards, the grapes of which were more forward than thoſe of Champagne.

I ſhall finiſh this letter by telling you of a little miſ-adventure, which I experienced at Chalons.

The indifferent ſtate of my health did not ſuffer me to eat meat ſuppers, and they alſo diſagreed with my companion. We therefore were forced to purſue a plan of temperance and ſobriety, not very agreeable to ourſelves, but ſtill more hateful to the inn-keepers. In conſequence of this, we, in general at the inns where we ſlept, took either a *ſoupe au lait*, or ſome trifle, which was equally unlikely to produce a diſorder well known and often complained of in France, viz. *un indigeſtion*. At Chalons we partook of much ſuch a repaſt, and our ſervants, being at board wages, paid for themſelves; ſo that we had nothing to diſcharge but that and our beds,

beds, which are about as dear as in England. When we came to ſettle with the landlord, he told us very modeſtly, that we ſhould be quit for a *Louis d'or*. I offered him a crown, which was what I had paid the night preceding. This he refuſed, and made another very exorbitant demand for a bit of iron, which had been put to the wheel of our carriage. We expoſtulated, and he grew very inſolent: we therefore went directly to the mayor of the town, and complained of his ill behaviour and extortion. He ſent for mine hoſt immediately, but it was ſome time before he obeyed the ſummons, and at laſt made his appearance in an old threadbare tawdry coat, with an iron hilted ſword by his ſide, which laſt he had the privilege of wearing, on account of his having been formerly a ſoldier in one of the regiments. He then renewed his demand; and being ordered to make out a bill, he produced one, in which he had charged many things

we had never dreamt of having, and, amongſt others, a pair of wax candles, though the raſcal was conſcious that we were illuminated only by the glimmering of two miſerable ruſh lights. And, notwithſtanding this manifeſt impoſition, his honor, the mayor, ſeemed to have no great inclination to puniſh the *ſword-bearing* inn-keeper, but on our deſiring juſtice, he took off three fourths of his bills, and we left them diſputing together, the *feu grénadier* treating the magiſtrate with the moſt impertinent familiarity.

Adieu. I heartily wiſh that theſe little anecdotes and deſcriptions may afford you the ſmalleſt entertainment; if ſo, they fully anſwer the deſire of,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend

and ſervant, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Dated from Lyons.

"ME voila à Lions," after having contemplated for three days paſt the river Soane in all its beauty, which meanders through the richeſt lands, where every ſpecies of agriculture is brought to the higheſt perfection, and which accompanied us from the Chalons to Lyons, where it is met by the Rhone, both theſe rivers running through that city. I really think the Soane is, in many parts, equal, if not ſuperior, to the Thames; and I would adviſe every lover of the fair works of nature, to follow my ſteps through Champagne and Burgundy, for his eyes will be gratified by many proſpects, enchanting as thoſe which are ſo juſtly admired in the parks of our Engliſh nobility.

In the road from Dijon, hither, you paſs through Chalons, Macon, and Beaune, all of them large, populous towns; but by what I ſaw of them, I ſhould think them as diſagreeable to live in, as in a market town in England, where there is no amuſement but the monthly aſſembly. Beaune is very famous for its wine, the *vin de Beaune* being eſteemed one of the firſt ſorts of Burgundy. Between the abovementioned ſeats of dullneſs and Lyons, how delightful is the contraſt! No city in the world, Paris excepted, affords more conſtant diſſipation and entertainment: to ſay the truth, I find my time hang leſs heavy on my hands *here*, than it did ſome years ago in the gay French capital; for though I ſtaid there many months, yet as I had no letters of recommendation, I made no acquaintance with any Frenchman of diſtinction, nor was I introduced into any *bonne maiſon*, ſo that when I had

ſeen

ſeen all the churches, convents, cabinets, &c. &c. I was totally at a loſs for amuſement; and have often, after the comedie or opera was over, yawned into my coach alone and ſolitary amidſt the crouds on the Boulevards, and then retired *triſte* and *ennuyé* to my lodgings and my pillow: whereas, here, every foreigner of any conſequence is introduced to the intendant and commandant of the city, from both of whom he has a general invitation to an aſſembly, held at their reſpective hotels every evening, which aſſembly is followed by, what we ſhould call in England, a moſt magnificent ſupper. Theſe aſſemblies reſemble our routs, and they begin about nine in the evening, which is the hour when the plays are over. The theatre here is finer and larger than any one in Paris, the opera-houſe excepted; and it is performed in four or five times a week, by an excellent company of comedians. I was laſt night at the villa of the

intendant, about three miles from Lyons; it is very juſtly called *mont plaiſir*, both from its delightful ſituation, and from the variety of pleaſures it affords. I ſaw a play there called *Legetaire*, which was followed by *les Precieuſes Ridicules* of Moliere; and they were both admirably performed, by perſons of quality, in a ſmall, but elegant playhouſe, built by the intendant, in his garden, for that purpoſe, and in which, during the laſt three months, near thirty different pieces had been acted generally before an audience of near two hundred people; a great part of which was afterwards aſked to ſtay ſupper, in which number the Engliſh were always included; and I was ſeveral times a witneſs to a manner and ſtyle of living, which, as it was ſo conſtant, could not be defrayed in England under ten thouſand pounds *per annum*.

There

There is but one objection I have to this place, which, after the many encomiums I have beſtowed on it, I think it but juſt to mention; and that objection is, a continual deſire of gaming, which poſſeſſes both ſexes, and to that degree, that I firmly believe there is ſcarce an individual, of any degree of faſhion, that has not the *fureur de jeu* burning in their boſom: even I, who am far from a gameſter, caught the infection, and loſt a good deal of money; but I have at laſt corrected my error, and can now ſay without repining, *Spes et fortuna, valete!* The game they play at is a very dull and fooliſh one: it is called *vingt et un*, and is not unlike our one and thirty. At this they play for conſiderable ſums every evening without the leaſt variation; and their very footmen in the hall follow the bad example of their maſters and miſtreſſes in the parlour: nay, the ſight of the winning cards at this faſhionable game is ſo very agreeable,

agreeable, that they have exhibited them even at the theatre, in a ſort of ſtage-dance. They were there, indeed, large enough for the uſe of the inhabitants of Brobdignag, and were no other than ſcreens painted like cards, which were placed before men and women, ſo as totally to hide their bodies, and, of courſe, the beautiful faces of the females behind them; and as they preſented to view the enchanting countenances of the ace of ſpades, queen of diamonds, &c. &c. the ſpectators were better ſatisfied, and were highly delighted to ſee them mingle in a confuſed dance, as it bore a ſtriking reſemblance to a ſhuffle of the deities they ſo much adored.

Adieu, Dear Sir.

I remain ever

Your faithful friend and ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Dated from Lyons.

I AM ſurpriſed, my dear Sir, that no *traveller*, or *writer of travels* (for *they* are very different things) has ever taken particular notice of the environs of this city. They are beautiful beyond conception. As ſoon as you paſs through the gates, you aſcend a high hill, or rather mountain, and then proceed for about a league on almoſt a level ground. The proſpect from hence muſt ſtrike every beholder. You ſee the Rhone, which appears like a little arm of the ſea; its banks are adorned with every ſpecies of agriculture, and on each ſide are vaſt eminences covered with vines and gardens, belonging to the moſt elegant villas. The proſpect on one part is nobly terminated by the cloud-capt Alps, while the

the city of Lyons, in the vale, makes a moſt magnificent appearance; and I ſhould think that there is one way where the eye may ſtretch its ſight for above fourſcore miles: and he muſt indeed be void of all feelings who can behold theſe perfections of art and nature, without emotion. As for myſelf, as often as I viewed them, I am full of gratitude to the benignant Giver, and cannot help calling out with the divine Milton, "Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good." But now to return to the city itſelf, for though I in haſte got out of its gates, I have by no means done with my deſcription of its beauties or curioſities; and I have now ſeen moſt part of them with the utmoſt pleaſure. There are in Lyons ſeveral handſome ſtreets and ſquares, and the quays on the rivers Soane and Rhone are extremely pleaſant and agreeable, as well as uſeful and convenient. In parts of them, the houſes are on one ſide built

down to the water's edge, which renders the appearance not unlike that of a ſtreet in Venice. I have been ſhewn to-day a very curious ſilk-mill, where ſix thouſand ſpindles are turned at once, by means of a wheel being kept in motion by the circular courſe of a mule: it is indeed a fine work, and I doubt not would afford great pleaſure to any one ſkilled in mechanical arts and inventions, as I own it claimed my attention, who am a mere ignoramus in theſe ſort of matters. I have alſo viſited the chapel of white penitents, which is ſuperbly decorated with pictures by great maſters; and there are two in particular which demanded not only my contemplation, but my admiration alſo; I mean thoſe placed near the altar, the dying Chriſt and the Magdalen, both of them exquiſitely painted by Rubens.

There is here a very famous ſtate priſon called *Pierre Enciſe*, an old French term

term ſignifying perhaps *cut-ſtone*, for it is built on a very high rock, and you aſcend to the outer gate by two hundred and twenty-two ſteps. It is here the nobleſſe who offend the king or his miſtreſs, or the miniſter or his miſtreſs, or her dependants, are confined during pleaſure, without the leaſt trial, or perhaps even reaſon aſſigned for their puniſhment: nay, young men are often ſent hither from Paris on the moſt trivial complaints from their relations.

I own I had a great inclination to view not only this *chateau*, but its inhabitants, and as I was acquainted with the govenor, I aſked his permiſſion, who gave it me moſt freely, and at the ſame time requeſted my company to dinner. This I willingly accepted, and repaired thither at the hour appointed, and having delivered up my ſword to the corporal of the guard mounted on the priſoners, I

gained

gained admittance, when (to my utter aſtoniſhment) I found no immediate marks of ſorrow, no weeping or wailing, but an excellent dinner prepared in an admirable *ſalle à manger*, at which the governor and about ten *gentlemen priſoners* were preſent, all of whom were in as high ſpirits as if they had been at a *bal maſqué* at Paris. The mere confinement indeed appeared the greateſt evil, for they had all tolerable convenient apartments; they were allowed the freedom of a little garden; the air they breathed was pure and healthful, and the proſpect from ſo great an eminence as delightful as it was extenſive. But theſe were moſt of them ſhut up only for a certain period, and were to be releaſed when it was imagined they had had ſufficient time for reflection and repentance. Two of them were ſent there (as they told me) on account of their having had duels with their ſuperior officers; and

one

one, who was a youth of about twenty, and a perſon of conſiderable rank, was ſecured becauſe he paid his addreſſes in an *honorable manner* to a Pariſian barber's fair daughter. How long he remained there I know not, but he was far from being *cured* of his *diſtemper*. He made ſonnets and epigrams perpetually on the perfections of his enamorata, and, by ſaying or ſinging them, greatly diverted his companions in misfortune. But if theſe poor birds were lively and warbled in their cages, there were others whoſe conditions were truly deſerving of pity: they were, literally ſpeaking, the *ſtate* criminals, and were in rooms in a tower with walls at leaſt fifteen feet thick, through which the light entered only by an aperture of ſix inches wide. Theſe wretches were never permitted to come out of their cells, and no one was allowed acceſs to them except the man who twice a day brought them their meals, and they were prohibited the

uſe

uſe of fire and candle, even in the midſt of winter.

They could hold converſe with no mortal living, had no employment or amuſement, and there was one (as I was informed) who having been treated with all this rigour for the ſpace of twenty years, had fallen by degrees into *melancholy madneſs*. But of *that* I ſaw a ſtill more ſhocking inſtance. There was an old man whom I thought appeared remarkably penſive, and on my addreſſing myſelf to him, he anſwered me very incoherently. This child of miſery was in his *ſeventieth* year, and his crime was no other than that of having had an intrigue with the miſtreſs of a former miniſter: for this he had been confined forty years; deſpair had at length turned his brain; there he remained neglected and forgotten, but an eternal reproach to the author of this evil, and an object that excited pity

in the heart of every beholder. This man you ſay was cruelly and unjuſtly puniſhed, almoſt without the ſhadow of a *crime*.

But there was another priſoner, who, though guilty of *one* at which human nature recoils, eſcaped the rigour of the law, merely becauſe he was a man of quality. The caſe was as follows: This nobleman ſome years ago had a quarrel with his friend, which they agreed to decide with ſwords the day following. They met accordingly, one of them, the nobleman, attended by a ſervant, when, as they were walking on towards the ſpot agreed on for the duel, the maſter gave a ſignal to the ſervant; they both got behind his antagoniſt, and at the ſame inſtant, their ſwords entering in at his back buried themſelves in his vitals. He expired immediately, but the horrible aſſaſſins had not time to eſcape. They were both taken; and the ſervant being condemned to the rack,

rack, had every limb mangled and broken, and, after many hours ſuffering, died in unſpeakable agonies; while the traiterous maſter, doubtleſs, the moſt guilty of the two, was only confined for life in this priſon, where he had every accommodation wealth could beſtow in ſuch a ſituation; and he had there a weekly concert by the beſt performers, ſaw a great deal of company, had amours with opera-dancers ſent for from Paris, and, inſtead of affecting any contrition, was all gaiety, and immerſed as much as he was able in every kind of luxury and diſſipation.

The above, I give you my honour, is ſtrictly true, and I have related to you the whole affair without the leaſt exaggeration; make your own comments on it, but rejoice with me, that we are natives of a country, where juſtice, at leaſt in ſuch caſes, is even-handed and impartial.

From priſons I am naturally enough led to ſpeak of executions. I ſaw a man hanged yeſterday for what would only have been deemed a breach of truſt in England. He was conducted to the gibbet erected oppoſite to the *hotel de ville*, at about five in the evening, the common hour of executing criminals in this country.

He was preceded by ſeveral penitents. The penitents amount to a very large number, and conſiſt of the firſt citizens of Lyons, who form themſelves into *confrereries*, or brotherhoods, and have chapels of their own, where they perform their *penitences* and prayers. They attend all executions, ſinging maſſes before the unhappy perſon who is to ſuffer, and after he is dead they bury him in their own ground. But theſe penitents, as if aſhamed of their charitable occupation, always wear on theſe occaſions long hoods and maſks, not unlike Venetian *bauta's*, which are

ſufficient to hinder even a poſſibility of their being known or diſcovered.

But to return to the abovementioned criminal. I own I had no idea that it was poſſible for any man to meet a *violent* death ſo perfectly unappalled. In his way to the fatal ſpot he made all the haſte imaginable, and, I believe, for the firſt and only time it ever happened, the prieſts, the penitents, and the *bon Jeſu's*, were obliged to run to bear him company. When the race was ended, he abſolutely ſmiled at the near approach of the king of terrors. No entreaties could prevail on him to kiſs the crucifix, in which he ſeemed not to put any confidence. He treated the officers care of the ſurrounding prieſts with contempt, and with a countenance utterly devoid of fear. He mounted the ladder, from which he ſpoke theſe few words, without any apparent emotion:

" I have twelve hundred French livres a " year: the judges have condemned me " to die, in order to poſſeſs themſelves of " my little wealth, but I forgive them, " and I hope God will forgive me." Having ſaid this with the greateſt reſolution, he threw himſelf off, and went into what Rabelais called, the *grand peut-être*.

With us we often fancy our geeſe are ſwans; but could any phlegmatic Engliſhman meet death with more ſettled determination? Surely, even the cool ſuicide never more willingly ruſhed into his embraces.

Methinks, my dear friend, I hear you compare this letter to the Tyburn chronicle, and aſk me why I frequent priſons and executions? I anſwer you, For two reaſons. The firſt, becauſe I have a curioſity to ſee mankind in all ſituations: the

the next, becauſe I think by theſe ſort of ſpectacles I may learn two uſeful leſſons. The priſon ſeems to ſay to me, *Diſce pati!* The ſcaffold, *Diſce mori!* Adieu. God ſend you long life and happineſs; and I remain,

Yours ſincerely, &c.

LETTER VI.

Dated from Lyons.

Dear Sir,

SINCE my laſt letter I have ſeen only two things in this town worth relating: the one is the chapel of *Notre Dame de Fourviere*, the other the church and convent of the *Chartreux* friars. They are both ſituated on prodigious eminences, and command thoſe charming proſpects, which I have ſo much praiſed in a former epiſtle.

In the chapel of *Notre Dame* there is nothing in the leaſt curious; but there are near an hundred ill-painted pictures hung againſt the walls by *devotées*, who have vowed in times of ſickneſs or danger thus to *ornament* the ſhrine of the Virgin; and theſe pictures are, as a comic Engliſh author expreſſes it, "the only thing it has

"to

" to ſhew, the only thing folks go to " ſee."

But if any one loves to laugh at ridiculous proofs of enthuſiaſm, I think he will not regret the climbing up a hill to behold theſe *votivæ tabulæ*. They are, Sir, repreſentations of people in different illneſſes, people falling from their horſes, others drowning, others ſhipwrecked, others loſt by night in foreſts, others with houſes falling on their heads; nay, there was one falling into an houſe of office. In the above perilous ſituation, I ſuppoſe, they looked up to heaven, and beſought the aid of *Notre Dame de Fourviere*, ſwearing at the ſame time to embelliſh her church with a repreſentation of the *malheur* from which ſhe delivered them, and many have kept their word, leaving ſo many proofs of their folly and credulity. As to the badneſs of the pictures, I think that is eaſily accounted for: if they

did

did but keep their vow, the leſs expence they did it at the better; miſerable daubings were the cheapeſt; and in this reſpect, I think, they reſembled the man in the fable, who, being ill, vowed to offer up an hundred oxen to Jupiter, if he would ſpare his life, and, on the god's proving propitious, he paid his religious debt by ſacrificing oxen made of paſteboard.

But I fear you are ſick of my offerings altogether; yet I muſt ſtill go on upon religious ſubjects, and deſcribe the Carthuſians, their church, and their convent.

The church is built of white ſtone, with a very beautiful dome, directly under which ſtands the high altar, ſupported by fine marble pillars, ſuperbly gilt and ornamented. The whole convent is an elegant building, and the apartments of the

the friars are neat and well furniſhed, having each a little garden behind them.

Theſe *Chartreux*, or Carthuſians, are the moſt rigid of all orders; they never ſtir out of their convent on any pretence whatever; and they ſpeak only for two or three hours on a certain day in the week; all the reſt of their time they are ſilent; and if they meet each other, they never open their lips, but only bow reſpectfully.

They never touch meat all the year round, perform all their religious duties ſeparately, riſe at ten o'clock at night, and pray till two in the morning, both in ſummer and winter. They ſuffer no woman, let her rank be ever ſo exalted, even to enter the gates of the convent; and ſhould ſuch a thing ever happen, they would dig up the ground whereon ſhe ſtood, and cauſe

cauſe it to undergo ſome ſort of purification.

The day I was there happened to be that in which they had liberty to ſpeak for three hours, and theſe they called their hours of *recreation*. I held a long conference with one of them, who was upwards of fourſcore years of age. He had been there ever ſince he was three and twenty, and was then apparently in perfect health.

He was (as I was informed) a man of great quality, and had two thouſand pounds per annum when he entered into this ſevere order, all which he made over, as is cuſtomary, to the convent.

I approached the reverend ſage, and after ſome little previous converſation took the liberty to aſk him if he had not quitted

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the world and the converſe of mankind ſo young, on account of ſome accident that might have befallen him? He anſwered me with the greateſt politeneſs, but replied to the contrary; told me, he was a young capitaine de cavalerie, of a noble family, and that he enjoyed many of what are called the goods of this world at the time he left it; and that his reaſon for ſo doing, was merely becauſe he thought he could not work out his ſalvation amidſt the pomps, vanities, and ſinful deſires of Mammon. I obſerved that he had very early made a great ſacrifice to piety and devotion. He ſaid, the ſacrifice was trifling, but that he hoped God would deign to accept it; and that he had been greatly overpaid for it already by the bleſſings he had received, and the calm peace of mind he had enjoyed for ſixty years together: that he now neither wiſhed for death, nor feared

it,

it, but was reſigned to the will of the Almighty. He ſaid all this, and much more to the ſame effect, and it made ſome impreſſion on his young diſſipated hearer; and I own, I looked on him then, and eſteem him now, as a being ſomething like bordering on perfection.

There was, my dear Sir, an unſpeakable ſerenity in his countenance, that plainly demonſtrated the entire felicity of his mind, and he aſſured me that he had never ceaſed to be happy ſince he had vanquiſhed his rebellious paſſions: and indeed I am convinced of the truth of that aſſertion, but the taſk is too difficult for me at preſent, and I reſign myſelf an obedient ſlave to the deſires, or rather infirmities, of my nature.

I think

I think I have now done with my account of Lyons, unleſs I ſay a few words concerning the manufactures.

I own I was equally aſtoniſhed at their cheapneſs, as I was at their richneſs and beauty. It is inconceivable at how little expence a man may here be a great beau. A ſuit of four-coloured velvet, lined with ſattin, with gold buttons, will not coſt, making and all, above eighteen guineas, whereas in England it would come to forty.

I myſelf paid about forty louis-d'or's for a ſuit of embroidery on plain velvet, the fellow to which would come *chez nous* to at leaſt a hundred.

I am indeed no friend to ſmuggling, but on my return to my own native country, I fear that I ſhall not be able to withſtand theſe temptations.

Adieu,

Adieu, in a few days I ſhall ſet off for the ſouth of France; but let me be ever ſo far diſtant, you will live in my remembrance, and you may expect many more letters from,

Dear Sir,

Yours ſincerely, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Dated from Lyons.

IN my laſt letter I acquainted my deareſt friend that I meant to ſet off immediately for the ſouth of France, but I ſhall now inform him that I was deſtined firſt to undertake a far leſs agreeable journey. On the eve of my intended departure I received letters from England, informing me that my immediate preſence was neceſſary there, in order to ſettle ſome affairs of conſequence: I therefore left this city in a few hours after I had received the intelligence; reached London in eight days; tranſacted the buſineſs in about eight more, and in leſs than a month from the time of my quitting here, I re-entered the gates of Lyons.

I was lucky enough to meet my old friend Mr. B—d and his pretty wife, at Dover, where they, as well as myſelf, were detained by contrary winds for three days and upwards. They were going to Italy, and we almoſt directly ſtruck up a bargain to travel all the way together. At Calais the lady accepted of a place in my chaiſe, and Mr. B—d rode poſt by the ſide of it. I took the ſame road as before, and ſhall forbear ſaying any thing of the places I paſſed through, as I have already deſcribed them. I ſhall only obſerve, that Champagne and Burgundy wore a very different aſpect in the month of November, to what they did in the autumnal ſeaſon. The proſpects were now no longer rich or beautiful; the lands ſeemed barren and uncultivated, on account of the vintage being over, and there being nothing to be ſeen for leagues together but ſhrivelled brown

brown leaves, and ſhort dry ſticks, or ſlips of *the vines* which were pruning, by wretches as withered as *themſelves*.

When we got to Chalons, which is about ſeventeen poſts from Lyons, we embarked on the Soane, aboard a large commodious barge, which is called the *Diligence par Eau*, on account of its receiving the paſſengers who come in the *diligence* from Paris to Lyons; a journey which is performed in ſix days, the four firſt by land, and the two laſt by water.

This barge has a cabbin or room in it tolerably well furniſhed, and large enough to hold twenty people; it is towed all the way by horſes; it takes all the luggage, carriages, &c. of the paſſengers, on board, and is a ſafe, cheap, and agreeable conveyance. We were little longer performing this voyage by water, than we ſhould have been by land, and the ex-

pence and fatigue was nothing like ſo great. We dined and lay aſhore, and were all day in an agreeable and polite ſociety, conſiſting chiefly of French officers.

We arrived at Lyons the ſecond evening, and I preſented my companions to my noble friend. He received *them* with much kind civility, and *me* with his uſual ardor and affection. He had made a kind of promiſe of accompanying me to Italy; but as I was now not alone, the breach of that promiſe was by no means unpardonable; and as he ſeemed to have ſome attachment for that city of which he had been for ſome time an inhabitant, I could not find in my heart to preſs him to leave it, in order to wander with me during an inclement ſeaſon, and expoſe himſelf to numberleſs inconveniences in a country which he had already travelled over, and which, conſequently, had not

for

for *him* the ſtrong attractions of novelty or curioſity. In a few days, therefore, Mr. and Mrs B—d and I ſhall bid him adieu, and ſet forward for Avignon, the road to which by land is very bad, and the journey much more difficult than by water: we ſhall therefore commit ourſelves to that element, and depend on the Rhone's rapidity for a ſpeedy arrival.

There are two methods of performing this expedition, the one by hiring a long open boat made for the purpoſe, which is *rowed*, or rather *ſteered*, by two watermen; for the Rhone is ſo rapid, that its current in moſt parts renders the oars unneceſſary. If this plan is purſued, you generally arrive at Avignon the ſecond evening, or ſooner, if you do not chuſe to ſleep on ſhore, which you may do, or not, juſt as you like, as you are commander of your little crew and ſmall veſſel, which latter is taken to pieces and ſold at Avig-

non, and its owners return *by land* to Lyons, as the rowing back againſt the ſtream would be moſt tedious and difficult, if not impracticable labour.

The other method is that of the *coche d'eau*, a large covered barge like that of Chalons; and though we might have choſe the former method in ſummer, yet we adopted this as the moſt ſafe and agreeable now.

The ſnow begins to fall on the adjacent mountains; and we are chilled by the inhoſpitable blaſts of the *vent de biſe*, which blows from the Alps almoſt continually.

Adieu from the old *papal city*; you ſhall hear again from

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Dated from Avignon.

Dear Sir,

AT ſeven o'clock on a very cold morning we entered the *diligence*, and I and my *male* companion began our *watery* expedition with *eagerneſs*, and my fair female hers with much *intrepidity*.

From French ſailors and watermen, good Lord deliver me! Would you believe it? we had ſcarcely proceeded half a quarter of a league before I began to perceive the ignorance of the *patron* or maſter of the veſſel, and the ſtupidity and inattention of his whole crew; for we ran directly againſt the piles of a bridge, and were within an ace of going to the bottom.

But, however, after the ſkilful patron had repeatedly execrated himſelf and all on board, we ſurmounted this diſaſter, and went on merrily for about four or five hours, during which time my eyes were charmed with the proſpects on all ſides of me. They were romantic, and beautiful beyond conception; and conſiſted of craggy rocks and mountains, in ſome places overgrown with wood, in others planted with vines; with towns, villages, old forts, and caſtles almoſt on their ſummits. I gazed on them with great delight, but my attention was too ſoon diverted from them by another misfortune; we were, either through the careleſſneſs or unſkilfulneſs of our directors, driven on a bank of ſand, where we ſtuck faſt, and the boatmen remained almoſt inactive for ſeveral hours.

At laſt we were ſet on ſhore in a boat, and told it was impoſſible to proceed any further

further that night. We were therefore deſtined to take up our abode in a *ville cabaret*, at a miſerable village, where we had nothing but one tough fowl, ſlain that morning, and a little bad ſalt fiſh, for dinner and ſupper.

Mrs B——d however kept up her ſpirits, and we drank better ſucceſs to each other the *lendemain*, in a cup of as weak ſour wine as ever was taſted, and then retired to bad beds, where we afforded a more delicious repaſt to a variety of deteſtable vermin. But even this broken reſt we were not ſuffered to enjoy only for a ſhort period, for at four in the morning in came the patron, rouſed us, and hurried all his paſſengers on board the *ſtranded* veſſel. We might however as well remained in our beds; for it was paſt eight o'clock before we got off the ſand, and even then we were obliged to be dragged from it by three teams of horſes.

We

We then proeeeded rather ſlowly, but with pretty good fortune, till about noon, when a high wind aroſe, and it ſnowed exceedingly. This quite diſcouraged the cowardly and indolent boatmen, and on my aſking them how they came not to work with more alacrity? they anſwered, "Monſieur, nous ne ſommes pas des chiens;" and gave me to underſtand, that none but dogs could ſtand ſuch weather: however, about three in the afternoon, they did uſe their utmoſt endeavours to land at *Valence*, a town about five leagues from where we ſlept the preceding night, but the wind was too violent, and, moreover, contrary, quite contrary, ſo that it blew us a league backwards, and the barge being then (not without great difficulty) tied to the ſtump of a tree, the unfortunate paſſengers were obliged to walk up to their mid legs in ſnow two long miles to Valence. On our arrival there we entered a wretched inn, all as wet as if we had been dipped in the

Rhone itſelf. The French ſung and ſwore by turns, while they dried "their "ſtorm-drench'd garments." My brother John Bull and I were ſullen, but Mrs B—d bore all this vexation with patience, and even chearfulneſs, having been equipped by the maid of the houſe with one of her coarſe gowns and coifs (while her own cloaths were drying). She preſented to our view as beauteous a female peaſant, as ever ſprang from the imagination and pencil of the ableſt painter.

The next day, by ſetting out very early, we arrived at the *Ville de St. Eſprit*. There is a handſome ſtone bridge, which takes its name from the town, and is called *the Pont St. Eſprit*: it is built acroſs the Rhone on thirty arches, and is eſteemed a *choſe unique* by the French and others, who have never ſeen a far more magnificent ſtructure over the Thames at Weſtminſter. But this admired *Pont St. Eſprit* has

has one horrid inconvenience, which is that of having what is called *a great fall*, almoſt as bad as that of London bridge, and this it was hindered me, Mr. and Mrs. B—d, and ſeveral of the paſſengers from going under it; but to avoid this, we were conſtrained to walk near a league by land, after having gone in an open boat near as far by water.

When we ſet out from Lyons we were informed that we ſhould certainly reach Avignon in two days and a half at fartheſt, but through our numberleſs misfortunes we were conſtrained to ſleep the third night at the Ville St. Eſprit, with an aſſurance, however, that we ſhould certainly reach the wiſh'd-for port the next day by dinner. Well, with this hope we ſet forward early in the morning, and a French biſhop took his paſſage on board our veſſel, which event gave me ſome ſatisfaction; for though I did not accept an abſolute

abſolute benediction from *Monſeigneur L'Eveque*, yet I hoped to find in him a man of letters, a gentleman, and an agreeable companion, nor was I in any reſpect deceived; and this ſerved in ſome degree to make amends for the miſerable ſociety in which I paſſed the laſt three days; the paſſengers happening to be all low vulgar fellows, chiefly Jews and tradeſmen. Perhaps you will aſk me why I did not ſolace myſelf in the converſation of my Engliſh friends? Why the reaſon was this; the room below ſtairs was cold, wet, and ill furniſhed, and there was no way of warming it but by a large pan of a ſort of charcoal, which, as the wind was high, ſmoked to that degree that it was abſolutely inſupportable.

Mrs. B—d therefore remained all the time with her huſband, ſhut up in a very good poſt chaiſe, which was tied on the deck, and which, as it belonged to the holy

holy biſhop, we had brought all the way from Lyons.

I own I now thought that ill-fortune itſelf could not prevent us arriving by noon at Avignon; but alas, I was miſtaken: our ingenious pilot contrived ere long to ſteer us on another bank of ſand, where we remained immoveable for near ſeven hours, during which time poor Mrs. B—d was exceedingly ill, and I really believe that her illneſs would have proved dangerous, had it not been for the kindneſs and humanity of the biſhop, who opened a medicine cheſt, in which he had ſome drops and cordials, with ſome of which he ſupplied her, and by ſo doing removed a racking pain in her bowels. The good prelate had alſo brought on board with him a very excellent *bouillon*, or broth, and (though an invalid himſelf) he inſiſted on giving it every

every drop to the ſick lady, and thereby loſt his own dinner, while he contributed to her eaſe and recovery.

I aſſure you I was greatly pleaſed with this benevolent proceeding, and joined heartily with the poet in ſaying,

"*Even in a biſhop I can ſpy deſert.*"

But to go on with my narrative. At length we were dragged off the ſand by ſixteen oxen and four horſes, and were ſet on ſhore at eight o'clock in the evening, a full mile and a half from Avignon. The wind blew directly in our faces, and as it came from the ſnow-clad mountains of Savoy, the coldneſs of it pierced through all our garments; but after an hour's very diſagreeable perambulation, and traverſing the city *walls*, (juſt as Dr. Smollet informs us in his travels *he* and his wife did *thoſe* of Florence) we got within the gates,

gates, and found the only good inn ſo crouded, that my wearied companions and I were ſcarce able to obtain bad *beds* in abſolute garrets; but fatigue is the beſt opium. We ſlept ſoundly for ſeveral hours; and even my fair friend, in ſpite of all her hardſhips, appeared with the roſes of health blooming on her cheeks, the enſuing morning.

We then (ſome of the company having proceeded on their journey) procured very good apartments, dreſs'd ourſelves, and went out to make the tour of this ancient city: but I muſt own, we were not well rewarded for our trouble.

It contains little worth notice; it is ill built, without one broad or handſome ſtreet, or a ſingle ſquare in it; nay, it is half unpeopled ſince it was under royal domination.

There

There is one quarter of it inhabited by Jews, who are particularly diſtinguiſhed, or rather ſtigmatized, the men being obliged to wear *red* hats, and the women caps, bunched out on each ſide in a frightful manner. Their ſynagogue is a ſmall, but elegant building. The cathedral, and the old papal palace, are gloomy gothic ſtructures.

Adieu, my dear Sir. We ſhall, as you may imagine, make no longer ſtay here, but ſet off as ſoon as poſſible for Aix and Marſeilles.

I remain, *poſt tot diſcrimina rerum*,

Yours ſincerely, &c.

LETTER IX.

Dated from Marſeilles.

My dear Friend,

I Sold my French poſt chaiſe when I left the fair city of Lyons, determining not to buy me any carriage 'till I arrived in Italy, and then to have one according to the faſhion of that country. And indeed I would adviſe every traveller to adopt this method, otherwiſe he will ſubject himſelf to many inconveniences, and be particularly liable to the impoſitions of the *maitres des poſtes*, who will pretend that his vehicle is ſo very heavy, that it requires an additional number of horſes; and unleſs he ſubmits to be thus cheated, he will have perpetual difficulties and diſputes with the fellows and their poſtilions; and what is ſtill worſe, meet with frequent

frequent delays in every journey he undertakes. I could have wiſhed, however, that my chaiſe had been doomed to be placed by that of the biſhop's, on board our veſſel, and that I had not parted with it till I left the French dominions, for I now found myſelf in a little ſort of dilemma; to remedy which, I applied to a *Voiturin*, who agreed to ſupply me and my companions with a tolerable berlin and three mules, and our two ſervants with horſes, to pay all our expences on the road, and convey us to Marſeilles in two days and a half, for four louis d'or's.

This, you will ſay, was tolerably cheap; it was ſo, eſpecially as the voiturin took care always to get us the beſt proviſions the inns afforded. But theſe voiturins, or vitturino's, as they are called in Italy, are generally honeſt and deſirous to pleaſe, as their bread depends on being ſo; for after having performed their agreements,

they aſk you for a kind of written certificate of their having performed it faithfully, and to your ſatisfaction, and they ſhew theſe to their employers, as the *valet de place* ſhews his written character. Their carriages and horſes, or mules, are in general very good, but there is one diſagreeable circumſtance attending travelling in this manner, which is, that you proceed always a foot pace, and make little more expedition than an Engliſh broad-wheel waggon. From this account, you may eaſily conjecture that we were thoroughly *ennuyé* before we reached our journey's end, which we did not do quite ſo ſoon as was propoſed, for we ſtayed a day and a half at Aix, for which delay, we, of courſe, made our voiturin an allowance.

Aix is a handſome well built town, but had rather the appearance of being ill-peopled, though this might proceed

from its not being at that time the ſeaſon for bathing. I ſaw the baths there, which are elegant and convenient, and taſted the water, which had ſomething of a ſulphurous flavour, and was about the warmth of milk from the cow. There is a fine *promenade*, or mall, near the walls of the town, of about a quarter of a mile in length, with three fountains in it, one of cold, and two of warm water.

On our arrival at Marſeilles, we went immediately to the *treize cantons*, to which inn we were ſtrongly recommended; and, indeed, it is the houſe where many foreigners, and particularly the Engliſh, take up their abode, for which reaſon it is the worſt and moſt impoſing one in the whole town; and the maſter of it, an odious, conceited, effeminate coxcomb, is withal ſo inſolent, that I was more than once tempted (as Bobadil

ſays) " *to give him the baſtinado.*" There is one advantage here, which almoſt all the inns afford, and this in particular, which is that of cheap and excellent *table d'hote*, both at dinner and ſupper, and it is much reſorted to, even by foreigners of diſtinction, of both ſexes.

Marſeilles (as far I could judge from a reſidence in it of about three weeks) is as agreeable a city to live in as any in France; it is near two hundred leagues ſouth of Paris, and even now, in the month of December, when I have been on the walk on the ſouth ſide the quay, I have, at times, felt it as hot as in the beginning of June in England; for there is generally a ſerene ſky over your head, from which rain ſeldom, and ſnow never falls: but the *vent de biſe*, or north wind, from the mountains, which is ſometimes felt here even in ſummer, is ſo very piercing, that a ſurtout lined with fur will ſcarcely pro-

tect

tect you from its ſeverity. Here is a very fine harbour for ſhipping, and a mole, where they ride land-locked in the greateſt faſety; and, what is very convenient, come up almoſt cloſe to the doors of the merchants. The ſouth ſide of the quay abovementioned is a kind of mall for the inhabitants, and they walk up and down as we do in the park at London. It is near three quarters of a mile in length. On one ſide of it are ſhops of every kind, with a number of little warehouſes of perfumes, liqueurs, pomatums, eſſences, &c. &c. which you know they ſend to all parts of Europe; but as the ſhopkeepers hang their goods a great deal out at their doors, it looks much like an Engliſh fair, and affords a gay ſhowy *ſpectacle*.

On part of the other ſide the walk are little huts or cabbins of the galley-ſlaves, who are permitted to earn their living by exerciſing different trades. There are

among them barbers, ſhoemakers, watch-makers, ſcriveners, nay, even ſurgeons and dentiſts. For this privilege of *labouring* in *their ſeveral vocations*, they pay about a penny a day to the ſtate, and their ſituation is thus rendered uſeful to others, and more comfortable to themſelves, by their own induſtry. They all wear a kind of uniform, conſiſting of red jackets and trouſers, and are chained to their ſhops by very maſſy chains; but when they walk about the city on any buſineſs, they are always coupled to each other by the legs, and have a guard, or keeper, to attend them.

There are five old galleys here in the dock, but they are abſolutely unfit and improper for any naval ſervice: on board theſe the ſlaves are confined during the night-time, and are driven into and out of them at ſun-ſet and ſun-riſe, not without a few blows and many maledictions.

They

They are kept in excellent order, and ſeldom or ever commit any outrage againſt either the populace or their keepers; and this may, perhaps, be owing to the ſevere puniſhment inflicted on any offender; for if any galley-ſlave threatens his *garde*, or keeper, he is hanged directly, and if he lifts up his hand againſt him, he is broke alive.

There is a tolerable play here, which is performed in a large unadorned theatre four or five times a week, and a concert the other days, to which foreigners are admitted *gratis*; but the vocal and inſtrumental muſic are both ſo execrable, that they ought rather to be paid for honoring it with their preſence.

The governor of this town, as well as of Aix, is the famous Duc de Villars. All the Engliſh, as well as other foreigners of rank, are introduced to him, and not only

only have a general invitation to his aſſembly, but alſo to his dinners and ſuppers, *provided they love deep play*; but if they are *no gameſters*, they are generally ſlighted and diſregarded.

The abovementioned noble *commandant* is always dreſſed in the extremity of the faſhion; and though "*he is now declined* "*into the veil of years, he is perfumed* "*like a millener:*" but he is upon the whole a moſt contemptible being, and is openly and notoriouſly guilty of a vice which is the diſgrace of human nature. I have been ſo lucky as to meet an Engliſh brigantine veſſel here, which came from the port of London, and put in to this harbour on account of bad weather. She is bound for Genoa, and Mr. and Mrs. B—d and I have agreed with the captain for our paſſage thither, which method we judge far preferable to once more *crawling* a journey with a voiturin by land, as far

as

as Antibes or Nice, and after that be obliged to truſt ourſelves in the month of December to an open boat, or *felucca*, Italian ſailors, and the fickle Mediterranean. Adieu, my dear Sir. Pray for our good voyage, and believe me ſincerely,

Your Friend

and humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Dated from Genoa.

Dear Sir,

WE embarked on board the Engliſh veſſel at four o'clock, in a very fine evening, and the wind being quite fair, there was great reaſon to hope that we ſhould be in the harbour of Genoa in ſix and thirty, or eight and forty hours at fartheſt. But alas, this flattering hope deceived us; for we were only ten leagues diſtant from the wiſhed-for port, when the wind became directly contrary, and continued ſo for a long period. We were by turns in dangerous ſtorms and dead calms, for twelve days and nights, from our firſt ſetting ſail from Marſeilles, and even at the end of this time it was with difficulty we could contrive to make Genoa.

Upon

Upon the whole, I had a moſt uncomfortable paſſage; I was ſick and greatly frightened during the ſtorms, and, like a true freſh-water ſailor, I ſuppoſe I magnified every danger. During the calms, I was provoked and *ennuyé* to an inſupportable degree, as for many days I could ſee Genoa without even a poſſibility of getting thither. In one of the gales of wind there was a mortality amongſt our ducks and chickens, or rather old cocks and hens, for the captain was a dirty fellow, and as he eat ſalt proviſions himſelf, he did not care how ill we were fed, ſo he put a trifle more in his pocket; and indeed, our fare, bad as it was, from the above loſs, became ſo ſcanty, that had we been kept out at ſea only one day longer, we ſhould have been reduced to ſalt beef, ſtinking pork, and coarſe biſcuit. But in regard to myſelf, I was as ill-lodged as nouriſhed, being obliged to

lay

lay in a kind of truckle bed, boarded up againſt the ſhip's ſide, which was ten times worſe than a hammock; Mrs. B—d and her huſband having occupied a little dark cloſet, which the captain dignified by the pompous title of *the ſtate room.*

As I was ſubject to all theſe inconveniences, I fancy you will not be ſurpriſed when I tell you, that I was ready to kiſs the ſhore on my landing; and that I thought the night which I was doomed to remain on board the ſhip, at anchor in the harbour, the longeſt I ever paſſed in my life; but I was obliged to ſubmit to this penance, it being too late when we arrived, to carry our certificates of health to the quarantine office. The day following, however, we recruited our ſcattered ſpirits on *terra firma*, and took up our abode at the poſt-houſe, which is a tolerable good inn, but ſhamefully dear and

and impoſing. When I left England, I had letters of recommendation given me to all parts of Italy; ſo that wherever I came I was introduced into the beſt families. Perhaps you may think from this, I was often magnificently feaſted, and every where treated in a moſt hoſpitable manner. Aſſure yourſelf I was not. The Italian nobility are little given to hoſpitality, and very ſeldom invite you either to dinner or ſupper. You are indeed always welcome to their *converſazzioni's*, which are meetings of the nobility, and very much reſemble the routs of our ladies in England, which are a very ſmall expence to the owners of the manſion, the company being only regaled with chocolate, ices, lemonade, &c. They are held in magnificent rooms, illuminated with vaſt glaſs luſtres filled up with wax-lights. But in this particular city, they, in one reſpect, make rather

rather a *ſombre* appearance on account of all the company (foreigners excepted) being dreſſed in black; to which rule they are under a neceſſity of conforming, through the ſumptuary law of Genoa.

This city is called by the Italians *La Superba*, and it is not without reaſon, for it contains many *proud* edifices, and various marks of grandeur. There are ſome ſtreets (and particularly the Stradi Balbi, and Strada Nuova) which are double ranges of magnificent palaces, built entirely of marble. I ſaw all the fineſt repeatedly, and examined them and their curioſities with rapture and admiration.

The palace of *Durazzo* is fitted up in the moſt elegant and ſuperb manner, and is adorned by original paintings of the greateſt maſters, of which I thought the following the moſt ſtriking, though almoſt the whole collection is excellent.

Mary

Mary waſhing Chriſt's feet, a large and capital piece, by *Paul Veroneſe*. The Virgin, the infant Jeſus, and St. Catharine, by *Vandyke*. A holy family, by *ditto*. In this laſt there is a great harmony of colours, and the head of the Virgin is fine beyond deſcription. A Jewiſh Rabbi, nature itſelf, by *Rembrandt*.

The cielings of all theſe ſpacious apartments are gilt and exquiſitely carved; many of them are beautifully painted by *Parodi*. In this palace there is a ſmall gallery, furniſhed in the moſt elegant manner; and there are in that, and many other parts of the houſe, ſeveral beautiful modern as well as antique ſtatues. I ſaw alſo another palace belonging to the Durazzo family, and went very frequently to the Pallazzo *Brignole*. In both theſe, the rooms are larger than in

the firſt mentioned, but they are not fitted up with ſuch exquiſite taſte and elegance, though they diſplay every ſpecies of magnificence, and may juſtly boaſt a profuſion of invaluable pictures. In Genoa there are ſome very handſome churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, the roof of which is beautifully painted by *Parodi*; as are alſo the roofs of *St. Filippo Neri*, and of a ſmall *Oratorio* adjacent.

But I will not enter into a long detail of pictures, ſtatues, gems, &c. as they are very tedious to write catalogues of, but ſtill more tireſome to peruſe: I ſhall therefore, my dear Sir, in the courſe of theſe letters, rather chuſe to ſend you accounts of cities themſelves, of their inhabitants, their manners and cuſtoms, together with my own little adventures and remarks, which I flatter myſelf will afford you more ſatisfaction. And firſt,

in

in regard to the city of which I am now an inhabitant, almoſt all the houſes in it are well built, and exceeding lofty; it ſtands on a great deal of ground, but every one of the ſtreets, except *Nuova*, *Balbi*, and two or three more, are as narrow as our alleys in London; conſequently very few through which coaches can poſſibly paſs; for which reaſon the nobility are generally under a neceſſity of walking, or going in chairs, and they adopt both methods, according to their inclinations, ages, or conſtitutions; but whenever they walk, their chairs and ſervants follow cloſe behind them, and the ladies in this caſe lean on the arm of their *cavaliero ſerviente*, having their trains held up by footmen. When they are in deſhabille, they ſometimes wear colours; but when dreſt, they always appear in black ſilk, or velvet, with a large hoop. About twenty years ago, none of the

Genoeſe noblemen wore ſwords, but young and old appeared in black cloaths, with a ſhort black ſilk or ſattin cloak, hanging behind (like that of an Abbé) and a great wig with dropping curls; but this is now the dreſs of *old* men, the young nobility wearing the ſlighteſt mourning. The ſenators have a long black robe over their other cloaths, and a ſort of round hat, with roſes of rib-band about the crown. The *Doge's* office laſts for two years, and his dreſs is the ſame as that of the ſenators, only inſtead of black it is ſcarlet. His title is *Sua Serenita*, that of a ſenator, *Sua Eccellenza.*

The inhabitants of this city, as well as of a few others in Italy, ſtill retain the ridiculous cuſtom of reckoning twenty-four hours, and it is very vexatious to a foreigner to be told *it is twenty-two o'clock.* They call it one o'clock when the ſun has been

been ſet an hour, and twenty-four as ſoon as it is dark; ſo that, by this method of counting, they never know exactly the true time either of the day or night, as it varies conſtantly according to the ſeaſons. The ſenate wanted ſome time ago to put an end to this inconvenience, but the endeavour almoſt cauſed an inſurrection: a proof that the populace of every country are blindly and madly attached to old cuſtoms, be they ever ſo abſurd or irrational.

In a part of this Letter I mentioned the *cavaliero ſervientes:* they are ſo called in this city, but bear the title of *ceciſbeo's* in moſt other parts of Italy. They are people of rank, who conſtantly attend on their ſeveral ladies, and are often reduced to a ſtate of ſlavery by them. A lady of high quality will have three or four of them, and grant them more or leſs favors, according as ſhe deems them deſerving.

Perhaps one or two of them may be really *in her good graces*; but the others are mere *danglers*, *things* to lean upon, complaiſant beings, to put on her cloak, deal her cards, &c. &c. But no married woman, at leaſt ſcarce any one, is without them; and ſhe would rather ſtay at home a whole carnival, than appear abroad without theſe conductors.

In Italy people of rank ſeldom marry for love, but to keep up noble families; therefore in a few months after the knot is tied, or even ſooner, the huſband attaches himſelf to another lady in the manner abovementioned. The wife provides herſelf a *team* of *ceciſbeo's*.

Perhaps you will be ſurpriſed, if after all my late misfortunes at ſea, I am again tempted to truſt myſelf to that fickle element; but I believe I muſt reſolve once more to embark on it, otherwiſe I cannot

get

get to *Piſa*, without croſſing the mountains, which are more difficult, and infinitely more dangerous to paſs than the Alps: no carriage can go over them, and even on a mule you run the hazard of breaking your neck on the brink of horrible precipices. I muſt therefore be obliged to hire a *feleucca* to perform the voyage from hence to *Lerici*, which is about forty leagues diſtant from Genoa. Adieu: do not forget to invoke Amphitrite to be favourable to your *ſea-ſick* friend, and believe me to remain

Your humble, &c.

LETTER XI.

Dated from Piſa.

Dear Sir,

I EMBARKED on board a felucca, together with my agreeable companions and our ſervants, at Three in the afternoon, and arrived at Lerici at Seven the next morning. Our felucca was about four times as large as a Thames boat, and was managed by eleven ſtout (men) rowers, and the patron, who kept his *ſtate*, and ſat all the time at the helm.

The wind was favorable, and when there was ſufficient, the ſails were hoiſted, and we cut very faſt through the water; but when it was calm, we made way, by dint of rowing; and although we then proceeded very ſlowly, yet I own I preferred it to the other method; for I know

that ſudden ſqualls of wind are frequent at this ſeaſon of the year; and I am convinced, that one of them might have overſet or filled our veſſel (which had no deck) with water. We hired it, indeed, entirely to ourſelves, and inſiſted on its keeping very near the ſhore; firſt on account of the ſmoothneſs of the ſea, which had little or no ſwell ſo near the coaſt; and next, becauſe I was willing to have it in my power to land immediately, in caſe of any emergency; for I would not truſt myſelf to *Italian* ſailors, if I apprehended the leaſt ſhadow of danger, as I am very ſure theſe wretches would ſcarce ſtruggle with any difficulty, who are a ſtrange compoſition of cowardice, indolence, and bigotry. During the night I lay with my cloaths on, under a few boards laid acroſs the ſtern of the veſſel, and I was there ſupplied with a mattraſs, on which I think I could have ſlept, had I not almoſt been devoured by gnats, and other ſtill more

odious

odious vermin. As for Mrs. B—d, her fright kept her waking, and ſhe ſat all night like a heroine, with her eyes fixed on the ocean. In vain did Mr. B—d endeavour to calm her fears, whenever the boat was in that ſituation which the ſailors, I think, call *gunnel-to* (that is, laying on its ſide in the water). The fair lady ſcreamed, and gave herſelf up for loſt; but though ſhe was not in the dreadful ſituation ſhe imagined, nor had the leaſt chance of being drowned, yet by her means we were half famiſhed with hunger, for juſt as we were going to ſup-per on a turkey pie, a puff of wind ſet the boat in motion, and ſo alarmed Mrs. B—d, that ſhe fell, not into my arms, but directly againſt the pie, which, unable to reſiſt the ſhock, fell overboard, and furniſhed a repaſt for Neptune. In a minute all was calm again; but never did general lament the overthrow of an *army* more, than we did the *overthrow* of our poor *paſty*. It

is

is true, we did not *moiſten* our dry bread with tears, but we *dipped* it in *wine*, and that was all our conſolation.

At about Seven in the morning we were ſafely landed at Lerici, which is a miſerable village, conſiſting only of a few houſes: we therefore wiſhed to make as little ſtay there as poſſible, and deſired to be immediately accommodated with carriages and poſt horſes, but, to our great vexation, we were informed, they were all from home, and we were obliged to wait four hours, till they returned, in one of the worſt inns imaginable, and where, though much fatigued, I dreaded to lay down on a bed, for fear of being reviſited by ſome of that generation which infeſted the felucca.

At about Eleven o'clock we got into two miſerable carriages, worſe than Engliſh carts, as they were neither ſo large, or ſo commodious; and which were dragged by tired half-ſtarved mules through almoſt impaſſable

impaſſable roads, cut through olive-grounds and vineyards, as far as Sarzana, during which poſt the carriages were frequently obliged to be ſupported by peaſants, hired for that purpoſe, without whoſe aſſiſtance we ſhould, in all probability, have fallen down ſome precipice into the river Magra. This river, or rather ſtream, we paſſed, juſt before our arrival at Sarzana, in a ferry-boat, almoſt as old, ſhattered, and dangerous as our calaſhes.

From Lerici to Piſa are ſeven poſts, and between forty and fifty Engliſh miles. In our way thither we ſtopped at *Maſſa di Carrara*, a pretty neat town, but where we paid extravagantly for ſtale eggs and ſtinking ſalt fiſh, it being a maigre day, and no fleſh-meat being allowed, or to be had for love or money. During the next two poſts our ſhaft-horſe fell down twice, and the laſt time we were thrown out. Mrs. B—d was much frightened, and a little

little bruiſed, and our vehicle ſo broken, that it was ſome time before it could be tied together ſufficiently ſtrong, ſo as to render it poſſible for us to proceed on our journey with ſafety; and what made it ſtill worſe, the night came on apace, and we were at the extremity of the wood *Viareggio*, a ſmall foreſt of four or five miles in length, through which we were obliged to paſs, which place frequently affords ſhelter for robbers: but owing, I believe, to fair Mrs. B—d's frequent prayers, we met with no accident, and I and the fair *devotée* arrived ſafely about Eight at night at the ancient city of *Piſa*, after having ferried over the river *Cerchio* in our way, which we found at that time very calm and ſhallow, and conſequently we had not much danger. We were told it is ſometimes extremely full and rapid, and that inſtances have been known of ferry-boats being carried out to ſea, from not being able to ſtem its torrent, or reſiſt its violence.

Perhaps

Perhaps you will aſk why I travelled in thoſe miſerable calaſhes? Why, becauſe not having a chaiſe of my own, I was under a neceſſity of adopting this method, as there are only two ways of travelling in carriages in Italy, the one *poſt* with your own vehicle, the other by the *cambiatura*, which is that of changing your calaſh as often as your horſes, which at an additional expence is found you by the poſt-maſters.

Adieu. When I have ſeen this city, you may expect an account, as uſual, of all that charms, and all that diſpleaſes.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Dated from Piſa.

Dear Sir,

WHEN Piſa was in itſelf a republick, it is ſaid to have contained near ninety thouſand citizens, but at preſent there ſcarce fifteen thouſand within its walls. This ſcarcity of inhabitants adds therefore greatly to the melancholy which very antique buildings naturally inſpire, and I aſſure you, that it is by no means a place which I ſhould chuſe for my own reſidence. Although the Great Duke of Tuſcany and his whole court is here at preſent (which it is for a few months every year), yet all things have a moſt gloomy, deſolate appearance, and at this time there are no public diverſions. I think I could not be much more *ennuyé* in an Engliſh country village.

The

The only things here that are the leaſt worth ſeeing are the *Campanile*, or hanging tower, the Brazen Gates, the *Baptiſterium*, and the *Campo Santo*: all theſe certainly merit one's attention. The hanging tower is an elegant cylinder, eight ſtories high, and each ſtory is ſurrounded by marble columns. This ſtrange building leans ſo exceſſively on one ſide, that it appears ready to fall down headlong; and there are not wanting ſome connoiſſeurs who pretend to ſay it was built ſo on purpoſe: but this ſeems to me the moſt abſurd of all ſurmiſes; for none but madmen could have formed or executed a plan which muſt rob the ſtructure of its beauty and propriety, and renders it a painful inſtead of a pleaſing object. As to my own part, I am led to think that this defect may be accounted for in a very plain and natural way, merely by ſuppoſing the foundation of one or more of the lower ſtories ſunk

from

from its firſt beginning; and that in this ſtate it has remained ever ſince, and will, perhaps, until it falls, which muſt, whenever it happens, occaſion a deſtruction to the neighbouring houſes.

The Braſen Gates belong to the cathedral, and are moſt beautifully carved out of ſolid braſs, repreſenting in a wonderful manner many of the actions and miracles of our Saviour. The hand that completed this charming work, is not certainly known; but it is ſaid to be the performance of John of Bologna. As to the cathedral itſelf, it makes a handſome appearance on the *outſide*, and that front oppoſite the *Baptiſterium* is rather of an elegant deſign, though Gothic, and very ancient. The *inſide* is gloomy, and very ill adorned.

The *Baptiſterium* is built in a circular form, with a fine dome, within which there is a pulpit of white tranſparent

marble, with its compartments, beautifully carved, and ſupported by ſeveral pillars of jaſper, granite, alabaſter, &c. and theſe pillars themſelves are held up by different animals, curiouſly wrought in marble; the whole being indeed an admirable piece of workmanſhip. There is alſo in this place a very old font, made out of granite, with ſeveral little wells in it, deep enough to plunge in a new-born infant; but this is not made uſe of now, nor has it been ever ſince immerſion in baptizing has been diſcontinued.

The *Campo Santo* is a large burying ground, the earth of which is ſaid to have been brought from Jeruſalem, and that it has this particular quality, that in three days it abſolutely conſumes all the fleſh of the dead body therein depoſited, and leaves no remains or trace of it, except the ſkeleton. If this be true, it is poſſible there is a great quantity of quick lime in its

its compoſition; and if ſo, that will eaſily account for this pretended miracle. All round this Campo Santo there is a covridore paved with grave ſtones, and the walls are painted in a very antique ſtyle by Grotti; the ſubject of the painting being taken from the Old Teſtament. There is alſo a ridiculous picture of the laſt judgment, hell and paradiſe; and in one of the corners an uncouth repreſentation of the three different ſtates of the body in this earth, the *firſt* twenty-four hours it appears greatly ſwelled and diſtorted, the *ſecond* the fleſh hangs looſe and dropping from the bones, and the *third* it becomes a mere anatomy. There are ſeveral old Roman coffins placed round the covridore, which have been ſent hither from different parts of the world: I know not for what purpoſe, but they are all made of ſtone, and have very antique carvings on them, ſome of which have a degree of excellence, but by the deſtruc-

tive hand of Time they are greatly defaced and damaged.

And now, Sir, having ſeen theſe curioſities, been introduced to the Great Duke, and courteouſly aſked to dinner by his Highneſs, been at a few *converſazzioni's*, and ſauntered ſeveral times in my coach on the Corſo by the ſide of the Arno, which runs through this city; I ſay, Sir, after having received all theſe honours and improvements, and performed theſe great exploits, I long to bid adieu to Piſa, and ſee the commencement of the carnival in the fair and famous city of Florence. From thence expect to be again greeted by

Your reſtleſs friend

and humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Dated from Florence.

I NOW ſit down, my dear friend, to give you ſome account of this renowned city, of which I have been for theſe five weeks paſt an inhabitant.

Florence is ſaid to be as well worth ſeeing as any town in Italy, and indeed, as far as I can judge from what I have ſeen of this country, few things in it are more deſerving the curious traveller's obſervation.

It is certainly a noble capital, and contains within its walls ſeveral fine ſquares, ſtreets, bridges, palaces, &c. together with one of the moſt valuable repoſitories of antiquity in the univerſe.

The churches here are alſo very magnificent, and are adorned with a profuſion not only of marble, but alſo of porphyry, granite, and other precious ſtones. The *Duomo*, or cathedral, is a building of near the ſize of St. Paul's church in London, and, as well as I can meaſure it by my eye, the dome itſelf is much larger. It is built of fine white, black, and red marble, and on the outſide makes a very ſtriking appearance; but on entering it you are much diſappointed, for it is quite *unfurniſhed* (if I may be allowed this ſtrange expreſſion), there being very few altars except the high altar, at which there are fine ſtatues of a dead Chriſt and the Virgin by John of Bologna: there are alſo ſome excellent relievo's round the choir by the ſchool of Michael Angelo; but there is ſuch a gloom and darkneſs all around, that it is ſcarce poſſible to behold them, ſo as to examine their beauty.

The

The Baptiſterium is very near this church, belonging to which the moſt remarkable things are, the braſen gates, which Michael Angelo uſed to ſay ought to be the gates of Paradiſe; though, with all due ſubmiſſion to ſo great a maſter, I prefer thoſe I ſaw at Piſa, both for the deſign of the figures, and their execution.

There is alſo the church of the Annunciata, which is well worth viewing, the inſide of it being elegantly built with various coloured marble; and in it there is a prodigious magnificent chapel of the Virgin, and ſome good pictures. It was in this church I heard maſs celebrated on Chriſtmas eve; and I aſſure you, it was ſo ſuperbly illuminated and decorated, and the ceremony was ſo magnificent, accompanied by muſic ſo excellent, that I did not repent ſitting up all night to hear it: but the greateſt curioſity of all

the ſacred edifices at Florence, is the chapel of Lorenzo. This was meant for the burying-place of the Medici family, and ſeveral of their bodies are there depoſited. This ſtructure is a ſuperb octagon, and all the walls are encruſted with oriental granite, porphyry, alabaſter, jaſper, verdo antico, lapis lazuli, &c. and this fine work reaches as high as the roof; but, alas, that, together with the part deſtined for the great entrance, and the pavement of almoſt the whole, is not yet completed; neither is the altar, deſigned for this place (of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter), near finiſhed.

The tombs of the princes are of beautiful marble, and ſome of them are adorned with good ſtatues in bronze. On each tomb is a marble cuſhion, beſet with precious ſtones, as you are told, to the value of twenty thouſand pounds ſterling;

ſterling; but I look on this as a falſehood, as I am thoroughly convinced, the Florentines are neither rich, nor fooliſh enough to let ſuch treaſures remain on the ſepulchres of a family now extinct, and not having any thing to do any longer with the government of Tuſcany. Beſides, theſe cuſhions are ſo high, that a lapidary, I fanſy, could ſcarce ſay, at ſo great a diſtance, whether they were ſet with real jewels, or pieces of coloured glaſs.

The lower compartments of the chapel are the arms of all the cities ſubject to the great duke, beautifully inlaid with different coloured pieces of marble. I am well convinced that this edifice, which has already coſt near four millions ſterling, will never be quite completed; it would take up too much time, and the expence would be too enormous; and perhaps, when

when finiſhed, might not pleaſe a real connoiſſeur, who would tell you that the *pictre commeſe* are fitter for adorning cabinets, as being too trifling for great buildings; and I think he would give a proof of his taſte in ſo ſaying; for this place, on which ſuch immenſe ſums have been laviſhed, and ſo much time and labour beſtowed, does not afford a very ſtriking appearance.

It is neither my intention, nor my inclination, to enumerate the antiquities of Florence; I ſhall only ſay, that in many of the ſtreets and ſquares there are ſome charming ſtatues, particularly one of Hercules deſtroying the Centaur; a fine one of Juſtice, on a lofty pillar of porphyry; and a ſtill more excellent one (near the old palace) of the rape of a Sabine woman. But I am ſure you will not excuſe me if I neglect giving you ſome

ſome account of the famous gallery; but this I reſerve for my next letter, and in the interim remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

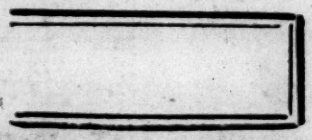
LETTER XIV.

Dated from Florence,

Dear Sir,

THE gallery at Florence is a building erected on purpoſe for the antiquities and valuable curioſities belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuſcany. It ſtands by itſelf, and is at ſome diſtance from the old palace, and ſtill further from the palace of *Pitti*, where the Duke now reſides; but there is a communication by means of a very long *covridore*, near a mile in length, from one to the other.

The gallery is built in this form,



and on each ſide are ranges of beautiful antique Grecian and Roman ſtatues.

To

To deſcribe them all, if I were able, would prove both tedious and unentertaining to a reader; and indeed, without viewing the deſigns of them, you can have little idea of their beauties. I am no connoiſſeur, my dear friend; I am no complete judge either of painting or ſtatuary; but I know what pleaſes me, and I boldly write my ſentiments, deſpiſing the witticiſms and ridicule of the virtuoſi.

The following ſtatues, &c. particularly ſtruck me, and I beheld them every viſit I made, with more and more ſatisfaction. The famous Grecian boar, Laocoon and his two ſons, a copy after that at Rome, which is a moſt beautiful groupe. A Victory, with a palm in one hand, and a laurel wreath in the other. A moſt exquiſite figure of Leda, looking with languiſhing eyes on her lover; but

he, alas, has much the look of a gooſe: one of her hands is curiouſly hidden in his feathers, but ſo as to ſhew the marks of her fingers through them. A buſt, larger than life, of Alexander, with his hand inclined on one ſide, ſeeming to have an air of inquietude and vexation; it is ſuppoſed to have meant to expreſs his ſighing for other worlds to conquer. A Narciſſus, a fine figure, but in my opinion ſeems more to expreſs ſurpriſe than admiration of his own beauty. A Roman matron; the drapery is of black, and the figure of white marble: at firſt ſight I thought a covering had been caſt over the ſtatue, the folds in the linen were ſo eaſy and natural. A perfect ſtatue of Flora the courtezan, who ſhewed herſelf naked to the Roman people. Two fine antiques, one of Hercules killing the Centaur; the other of him when a child, deſtroying the ſerpent. A ſleeping

ing Cupid, in touch-ſtone, with poppies under his head. A high finiſhed work, by a modern artiſt. A drunken Bacchus, and a Satyr ſtealing his grapes; ſuperior, in my opinion, to the antique Bacchi in this collection. This is the work of Michael Angelo Buanazoti. A charming groupe of Cupids and —— This gave me great pleaſure.

Theſe, Sir, are the ſtatues that ſtruck me moſt in the open gallery: but in the Tribuna, I could have gazed for ever with delight on the four famous ſtatues, *viz.* The Venus de Medicis. The dancing fawn. The wreſtlers; and, The Arotino, or knife-whetter. As to the Venus, ſhe is a woman of rather a ſmall make and ſtature; her face is perfect beauty, and her breaſts, body, and particularly her hinder parts, are carved with the moſt exact ſymmetry and proportion. The hands

hands are charming, but the fingers have no joints, and the lower part of the legs are rather too thick. I do not think the whole ſtatue was finiſhed; and, if it was, more attention was paid to one part than the other; but this has been often the caſe with the ancient ſculptors. The fawn pleaſed me beyond expreſſion. He ſeems to be dancing with almoſt enthuſiaſtic delight and merriment. The attitude of the *Lotti*, or wreſtlers, ſhew finely the ſwell of the muſcles in the different turns of the ſtrained members. But it is impoſſible to conceive what a fixed attention there appears to be in the knife-whetter: he is ſuppoſed to repreſent a ſlave liſtening to Catiline's conſpiracy, which he overhears by accident whilſt he is whetting his maſter's poignard. This is one of the many conjectures formed concerning the ſubject of this ſtatue; let it be what it will, anxiety and ſurpriſe are exquiſitely

expreſſed

expreſſed in his countenance. In the Tribuna there are alſo two ſtatues, one of a ſleeping cupid, the other of a child holding one hand out, and the other on a dove, which are nature itſelf. There is the well-known Venus of *Sitian*, whoſe countenance is lovely beyond expreſſion. Alſo numbers of other pictures here, by the greateſt maſters; and in other rooms there are cabinets beſet with jewels to an immenſe and almoſt incredible value; together with curioſities of every kind, ſort, and denomination. There is an apartment where the heads of all the great painters are drawn by themſelves, and many of them are well executed, particularly one of a German artiſt, in which all the lines of the face, marks of the ſmall-pox, and hairs of the beard, are moſt viſible, and it is impoſſible to inſpect it too cloſely. I own I think it the fineſt portrait I have ever ſeen.

In another room are ſeveral very fine ancient vaſes and ſmall figures in bronze; in another, a cabinet full of beautiful miniatures, enamels, and medals: here is alſo the celebrated ſtatue of the Hermaphrodite, which is a monſtrous figure, ſuch as I believe fair Nature never produced; and I own, that notwithſtanding the ſkill exhibited in its formation by the ingenious artiſt, I wiſhed he had choſe a better ſubject, and viewed that production with diſguſt and abhorrence.

In a room below ſtairs is the altar deſigned for St. Lorenzo's chapel, which is ſtill unfiniſhed, and no one is now employed in it: it is an elegant ſtructure, inlaid with precious ſtones, and adorned with chryſtal pillars, whoſe capitals are ſolid gold: in it are repreſented fruit, flowers, and ſome ſacred figures, in what the Florentines call the *Pietre Commeſſe*,

which work they have now brought to the greateſt perfection. Adieu: I have already ſwelled this letter beyond my uſual length, but you overlook all the faults of

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XV.

Dated from Florence.

Dear Sir,

SINCE my laſt I have ſeen the *Palazzo de Pitti*, and its gardens, with ſome pleaſure. The court of this palace is formed by three ſides of a handſome ſquare, and the lower part of the building is ruſtick, which mode of architecture it is ſaid owes its origin to Florentine artiſts. There is alſo before it a fine fountain, and a beautiful antique ſtatue of Hercules. The rooms are gloomy, but there are exceeding fine paintings in them, particularly the famous *Madona de la Seggiola* by Raphael.

As to the gardens, they are very prettily laid out, and in ſummer the alleys muſt be very ſhady and agreeable. There is

alſo in them a fine piece of water with ſtatues and fountains, and a large magazine.

The *Ponte Trinita*, which is built over the Arno, with four fine antique ſtatues repreſenting the ſeaſons, I forgot to mention in my laſt; and that there is a modern triumphal arch juſt without one of the gates, which is very beautiful, and was built for the late emperor to paſs under, when he made his entry into that city.

It being the carnival now, there are five theatres open at Florence; one where the great opera is performed, and four ſmaller ones for plays. The opera is very tolerable, of which at preſent Nicolini is the firſt ſinger; and the dances both here, and at two other theatres, are very entertaining. They laſt near an hour each, and are full of changes of dreſſes, ſcenes, &c. Nothing can be more falſe

than to ſay, that the Italians have no regular comedies. I have ſeen here both tragedies and comedies very well wrote, and admirably played. I ſaw two or three in particular tranſlated from ours; viz. the Gameſter, the Nonjuror, and another which I do not recollect. People of both ſexes go maſked now to the theatre, and there is a maſked ball at one of them once a week, at which they dance moſtly Engliſh country dances. In about a fortnight the maſks will go about the ſtreets, and on the *Corſo*, in their coaches; but this I ſhall not ſee, as I ſhall be at Rome, for which place I ſet out tomorrow. Adieu. Ever

Yours, &c.

P. S. Some buſineſs called me to Leghorn: I aſſure you it is a pretty well-built town; the ſtreets very clean, and the

view

view of the ſea very fine, but the harbour not commodious. Near the Mole is a ſtatue of marble of Coſſino, Great Duke of Tuſcany, a very indifferent work; but there are four fine ſtatues in bronze of ſlaves chained at his feet.

LETTER XVI.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

FROM Florence to Rome is an hundred and ninety miles, and is generally three days and a half eaſy journey by the poſt, but I found the roads ſo bad, that I did not arrive here until the fifth evening. The firſt night I lay at *Sienna*, but as I only paſſed through it, I cannot pretend to deſcribe that city; all I can ſay of it is, that it appeared to me very large, and by no means ill built; it is ſituated very pleaſantly, on the ſide of a mountain. This night I hoped to have paſſed at *Radicofani*, but could not accompliſh it on account of a river, which was ſwelled to ſuch a height as to render it impaſſable, and to avoid which I was obliged to go through roads too bad to attempt when

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the night was coming on: I therefore lay at a wretched village called *St. Quirico*, at the houſe of a cure, who was a fool, a bigot, and a cheat, the inn being full of other Engliſh travellers; and the next day, not without difficulty, paſſed *Radicofani* with five horſes to my *carrozino*, or two-wheel'd chaiſe. It was covered with ſnow in many places five feet deep, as were ſeveral other parts in my way hither; it having froze, the high road was very ſlippery and dangerous. At *Centino* I entered the Pope's territories, and the rogue of a poſtmaſter put two tired horſes to my chaiſe, which, with the united efforts of myſelf and the poſtilion, could not draw us up the hill about two miles from *Acqua Pendente*; but, retiring backwards, ſideways dragged the carriage half way down a precipice, where I was obliged to leave it, and walk through the ſnow two long miles to the town, with a heavy trunk under my arm, which I durſt not truſt to the

the poſtilion, who, had he done his utmoſt when we firſt began to aſcend the hill, might, I believe, have prevented the misfortune; but inſtead of uſing his whip, encouraging his ſorry cattle, &c. he burſt out a crying, and prayed inceſſantly to *St. Antonio* and the Virgin; nor could I make him apply his ſhoulders to the wheels, either by my perſuaſions or maledictions.

At length, exceedingly vexed and fatigued, I arrived at a miſerable inn, where I could get nothing but eggs for ſupper, and ſlept on a ſtraw bed, without curtains; for this entertainment the landlady demanded above fifteen ſhillings Engliſh. The next morning I made her take half the ſum, and a great deal of abuſe into the bargain. I paid alſo twelve ſhillings to ten men for getting my chaiſe out of jeopardy, and ſet out for *Viterbo*, where I arrived at Five in the evening, without any accident,

accident, after having travelled along the fine lake of *Bolſena*, a piece of water near fifty miles in circuit, with two iſlands in it planted with fine oak and cypreſs.

The next day I paſſed *Monte Friaſcone* (an old town, famous for its delicious wine), and ſome other inſignificant places, and then got into the *Campagna*, which is a large ſwampy down of forty miles in extent, with very few houſes or even trees on it, and abſolutely uncultivated. The air of this Campagna is ſaid to be ſo bad in the ſummer, that the Italians will hardly ever paſs over it on any conſideration; and indeed they will not ſleep in it at any time of the year, as it is imagined to teem with noxious vapours and putrid diſorders, and, to ſay the truth, I thought the peaſants (who were of neceſſity its inhabitants) looked very wan and unhealthy. You now and then ſee ſome old Roman ruins, and in many parts ſome bad remains

mains of ancient pavement, which renders the road very jolting and diſagreeable.

About four miles from Rome are the the ruins of a ſepulchre, with ſome baſſo relievo at each end: and this is ſaid to be the tomb of Nero, though it bears no marks of that magnificence, which one would imagine muſt of courſe be diſplayed in the mauſoleum of a Roman emperor.

I felt a kind of enthuſiaſtic delight at the firſt ſight of Rome, but this was dampened by the recollection that this city, which was once inhabited by a nation of heroes and patriots, was now in the hands of the moſt effeminate and moſt ſuperſtitious people in the univerſe.

Adieu. I remain

Yours ſincerely, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

I Shall once more commit my real ſentiments to paper, and I may perhaps, by ſo doing, forfeit all pretenſions either to the title of connoiſſeur, antiquarian, or even that of a judicious traveller: but you know that, like a certain late alderman, my way is always to ſpeak my mind, *right or wrong*, and I am apt to truſt to the candour and goodneſs of my friends to overlook my defects on every occaſion; ſo I ſhall do at preſent, and without farther prelude offer my remarks on this famous city, to your partial circumſpection.

Rome,

Rome, Sir, is in general well built, and adorned with numerous ſtately churches and palaces. The remains of antiquity are alſo very conſiderable, and ſome of them are tolerable perfect and beautiful; and would be more ſo, had not thoſe modern Goths, the Roman princes and prelates, robbed and deſpoiled them of their fineſt, choiceſt ornaments, to feed their vanity, and adorn therewith their pallazzo's and pallazzetto's.

In many parts of the city are beautiful and magnificent fountains, pouring forth quantities of the pureſt water; and this is certainly very convenient, as well as pleaſant and healthful, particularly in the heats of the ſummer ſeaſon. There is ſo much to deſcribe, even of the things I have ſeen, although I have not yet ſeen above one half of either its ancient or modern riches, that I ſcarce know where to begin

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my account of them. But I think, for the reſpect I bear the mother church, I muſt commence with the ſacred edifices. The moſt famous of them is Saint Peter's, in the Vatican; and I verily believe, that, taking it all in all, it is the moſt ſplendid temple that ever was raiſed in any age to any deity. The facade is elegant beyond deſcription, and was erected by Paolus V. On the top of it are ſtatues of Chriſt and the twelve apoſtles; and beneath is the gallery or colonade from whence the pope gives his benediction. The famous cupola of this church is ſix hundred and ſeven Roman palmi high, and one hundred and ninety-ſix broad; and the church itſelf eight hundred and forty-four palmi in length. Its double colonade, the vaſt Egyptian obeliſk, and the fountains, are alſo beautiful and ſtriking performances; but it is a pity the colonade was not carried further, as the view from the church

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is now terminated by one of the ugliest and beggarly ſtreets now in Rome. On entering into it, one is greatly ſtruck with its perfect ſymmetry and beauty; and I aſſure you, that although there have been ſuch vaſt ſums laid out in adorning it, there does not appear to me to be a picture, a ſtatue, or even a foot too much of carving or gilding. On the right hand as you enter, at an altar of a chapel, is a famous dead Chriſt in the lap of Mary, by Michael Angelo Buonoroti. His figure is extremely fine, but her countenance, I think, has more the appearance of ſullen, or even ſtupid ſorrow, than of amiable grief for the death of the Saviour of mankind. A little farther on is a magnificent chapel of the holy ſacrament, with a fine altar of lapis lazuli, beautifully carved, and the whole chapel enriched with bronze and gilding; before it are ſeven ſilver lamps, continually burning; and

over

over the altar a picture, in moſaic, of the Trinity, done after the original of *Pietro di Cortona.*

Before I proceed farther, I muſt explain to you the nature of the moſaic. It is a very curious work, and was originally derived from the ancients, who uſed to cut marble of different colours into very ſmall pieces, and by ſticking them into cement, formed flowers, figures, &c. but at preſent the modern artiſts make uſe of a compoſition, which is by fire made as hard as marble; and of this they have literally near ten thouſand ſhades or colours, which being chiſſelled into ſmall ſplinters, are thruſt cloſe together into a cement ſpread on a ſtone ſurface, and thereby they are able to copy any picture, ſo that neither time nor damp has any effect on its colours. This work, indeed, takes up a long time, but it is admirably adapted for churches, and believe me, it

is not in nature to conceive at what an excellence they are arrived in it. All the pictures in St. Peter's are of theſe materials; and they have thereby collected from different parts the fineſt productions of the greateſt maſters, and thereby rendered their deſigns almoſt immortal.

But to return to my deſcription of St. Peter's: — Many of its other chapels are very ſuperb, and the entire cathedral is encruſted with marble of various colours, with carvings by the moſt famous ſculptors, baſſo relievo's wrought to the higheſt degree of perfection.

In every chapel, and over every altar, are large and capital copies in moſaic. Thoſe that delighted me the moſt were the Fall of Simon, after Dominictrino, and the famous Transfiguration, after Raphael: of all theſe I have ſeen the originals, and ſhall ſpeak of them hereafter.

Over the high altar is a canopy ſupported by four twiſted pillars of bronze gilt, adorned with ſculpture foliage, cherubims, flowers, &c. wrought in a maſterly manner; but they look rather black and dirty, as do the hundred and fifty ſilver lamps continually burning before it, and even the maſſy candleſticks on it are in this condition: but I am told theſe are changed when the Pope ſays maſs there, and ſolid gold ones placed in their ſtead; but as this is only once a year, thoſe that remain there on other occaſions make but a bad appearance: and indeed I have ſeen other altars that have been more magnificent, and pleaſed me much more, although the gilding of theſe columns is reported to have coſt 40,000 crowns. The bronze they are compoſed of was brought from the Pantheon. Behind the altar is St. Peter's chair, ſupported by four figures in bronze gilt, repreſenting four doctors of the church. In the cathedral are ſeveral fine

monuments of Popes and Princes; and there is one now erecting to a late unfortunate perſonage, who once attempted to place himſelf on the throne of a nation, which never will be brought to ſupport the yoke of tyranny, or to groan under the oppreſſive weight of popiſh ſuperſtition. Adieu. I have wrote you a long letter about one ſingle church. Pray Heaven you may not be already heartily tired with the deſcription.

I remain, yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

BELONGING to Rome there are four cathedral churches; viz. St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Maria Maggiore, and St. John Lateran. The moſt ſumptuous of theſe I have already deſcribed in a very particular manner: on the others I ſhall only make ſome few obſervations.

To each of theſe churches there is a *Porta Santa*, or holy door. At that at St. Peter's, the Pope goes in proceſſion and great pomp once in five and twenty years, and the cardinals to the three others. At the ſame minute they all knock with a golden hammer at them, and repeat that paſſage of ſcripture, *Knock, and it ſhall be opened unto you:* then the doors fall down and give them entrance. This is the ju-

bilee year, when all ſins, though of ever ſo black a nature, are pardoned by Heaven's ſinful vicegerent.

St. John Lateran is a very ancient church, and is ſaid to have been begun by the emperor Conſtantia; but it has a beautiful new facade to it, adorned with Corinthian pillars and ſtatues, over an elegant baluſtrade of marble. On the inſide are ſtatues of the twelve apoſtles, larger than life, the work of twelve different ſculptors: that of *St. Bartholomew* ſtruck me exceedingly. Over theſe are twelve fine oval paintings of the prophets by *Domineſtrino*.

The roof of the church is magnificently carved and gilt in the antique manner, and the walls are finely painted by Giotto, and other old artiſts. Over one of theſe altars is a beautiful baſſo relievo in ſilver, repreſenting the Lord's Supper. But what

pleaſed

pleaſed me exceedingly was a monument of a learned cardinal, behind the high altar. His robes, books, &c. are admirably carved in various coloured marbles, and the expreſſion of his countenance is moſt happily executed.

St. Maria Maggiore is built on the ground where the palace of Tiberius formerly ſtood, and is an ancient building, adorned with a new and curious front. On the high altar are four pillars of porphyry, which ſupport a moſt beautiful pavilion, as it is more ſimple than that at St. Peter's. Under the altar is preſerved ſome of the hay in which Chriſt lay in the manger, and before this *equeſtrian* relique are ſeveral ſilver lamps always burning, as are before the cradle of the godhead, which is literally and ſeriouſly rocked on Chriſtmas eve by a cardinal on the high altar, who alone has the privi-

lege of celebrating maſs there on high feſtivals.

The Borgheſe chapel in this church is very rich and elegant; its altar is all of lapis lazuli, and over it are four pillars of oriental jaſper, ſupporting a canopy of rare workmanſhip. Its cupola is painted in an exquiſite taſte by *Domineſtrino*.

As for St. Paul's, it is a large church, three miles out of the gates of Rome, unfiniſhed both without and within, and famous for nothing but a number of ſtupendous pillars, brought thither from the Moles Adriana, now the caſtle of St. Angelo; ſome of which have been poliſhed by order of a late Pope, who intended to finiſh the cathedral entirely, but died before it was half compleated. Here are pictures of all the Popes, beginning with St. Peter, who you know was ſaid to be the firſt pontiff.

As to the other ſacred edifices, they are in general very richly ornamented, and elegant and noble ſtructures; but for their deſcription I refer you to more voluminous writers. The following I ſhall juſt mention, as they were things in which I took particular pleaſure; viz. the church of the Chartreux, that of St. Ignatius, St. Pietro Montorio, the Santa Croce, the Capuchins, and the chapel of Pope Sixtus in the Vatican. Where the church of the Chartreux now ſtands, were formerly the baths of Diocleſian, &c. It is built in that part of Rome where his palace ſtood, near which he put to cruel deaths numberleſs Chriſtians. This church has in it four ſtupendous antique pillars of oriental granite, and ſeveral others of ſtucco, made in imitation of them, and ſo well executed, that I abſolutely miſtook one for the other. But the greateſt curioſities here are the fine pictures by Titian, Domeniſtrino, and others. Thoſe that ſtruck

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me moſt were Theodoſius taking the ſacrament; the fall of Simon the magician, and Peter raiſing the dead, by Dominictrino. Theſe are all in St. Peter's, in *moſaic*, but no one without beholding them can conceive the beauties of the originals. Here is alſo a fine Aſſumption, by Titian; but I think not comparable to the others.

In this church are the bodies of thoſe famed artiſts Carlo Moral, and Salvator Roſa. The church of St. Ignatius is very magnificent; and the roof and cupola are charmingly painted, by Paul Veroneſe. There is alſo a chapel on the left hand of the high altar, richly and elegantly adorned.

In St. Pietro Montorio, is the famous and invaluable transfiguration of Raphael. On the hill, Chriſt is hovering in the air like

like a heavenly exhalation, and his diſciples are proſtrate on their faces, as unable to bear the immortal ſplendor of his appearance. Below, is one poſſeſſed with a devil, frantic, and in horrid tortures. He is ſurrounded by ſaints and apoſtles, one of which is pointing up to heaven, and ſeemingly adviſing him to look up there for relief. The figures in this picture amount to twenty-ſix in number, viz. eighteen below, and eight on the mountain. They are leſs conſiderably in the original, but in the moſaic copy, in Saint Peter's, they are full as large as life. This church belongs to a convent of poor begging friars, who, it is ſaid, were lately ſo pious as to refuſe, from a great ſovereign, fifty thouſand pounds ſterling for their picture. In this church I alſo ſaw a very fine dead Chriſt, laying in the ſepulchre, by Michael Angelo Carravagio.

In

In the Santa Croce, which was formerly the temple of Fortune, is the fineſt antique pavement I ever ſaw, and the whole building is ſupported by pillars of granite, which were taken out of the abovementioned temple. Here is the largeſt piece of the real croſs in the univerſe, and I ſaw three Armenians worſhip it with the greateſt devotion.

In the church of the capuchins is the Archangel overcoming Satan, whom he has enchained, and ſeems about to pierce with his conquering ſword. This is thought to be one of the beſt works of *Guido*, but I own I do not altogether admire it. Doubtleſs the face of the angel is beautiful, but the drapery, in my opinion, is coarſely painted, and ill-fanſied, being exactly that of an hero in an Italian opera. As to Satan, he looks exactly like an old tawny ſatyr, and has a luſtful grin on his countenance. There

is another famous picture of *Guido*'s, which contends with this for pre-eminence, viz. the crucifix in the church of St. Lorenzo; this was said to be taken from a man whom the wretch of a painter paid to be tied on a cross, and afterwards poignarded him in order to express more perfectly his dying agonies: but alas, the extraordinary excellence, either in the colouring or expression, of this picture, is imperceptible to your *barbaro amico*.

In the chapel of pope Sixtus is the famous last judgment of *Michael Angelo Buonototi*. It is painted on the wall over the high altar, and exhibits a vast multitude of figures; which, when viewed in seperate groups, are certainly very expressive of their different situations: though, in my opinion, there is not in this piece sufficient solemnity for so serious a subject.

a ſubject. As for example, in one part of it a devil is puſhing a croud of damned ſouls into a boat with a pitch-fork; and in another an angel is lugging two friars upwards, who had very near gone, by *miſtake*, into a warmer climate. In heaven the Virgin is alſo as capital a figure as that of Chriſt, who is then acting in his judicial capacity, which I look upon as another impropriety. But I know I ſhall be ſeverely handled by the virtuoſi for theſe remarks; and I dare ſay, amongſt the men of taſte, you will never hear the name mentioned of

Your ſincere friend, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

FROM churches, I am naturally led to the head of them, I mean the pope. You muſt know I have both ſeen and knelt down to his holineſs; and, what ought ſtill to make me more happy, received his apoſtolic benediction. He does not reſide at the Vatican, but lives in a very handſome palace on Monte Cavallo, for the benefit of the air, which is doubtleſs more clear and wholeſome on ſo great an eminence. Every evening he goes out to take the freſco, and it was on his return from one of theſe airings I met him. He was proceeded by a few very indifferent cavalry, and ſome yeomen in old faſhioned party-coloured

coloured Spaniſh habits, red, blue, and yellow, which gave them preciſely the appearance of the knave of clubs. He was himſelf ſeated in a ſort of arm chair, in a large, old, ugly gilded coach, drawn by ſix horſes, the two firſt, at a vaſt diſtance from the other four, guided by two poſtilions, habited in crimſon Spaniſh dreſſes, with long laced neck-cloths, ſhort buff boots, and their hair curled and flowing, without hat or cap on their heads. Within the coach were the maſter of the chambers, and the major duomo. They were followed by a large black coach, in which were three other prelates, and this ſtrange cavalcade was cloſed with more cavalry. They went a foot pace, and the pope was continually making the ſign of the croſs, and bleſſing the kneeling ſpectators. He has been pontiff only a few months, and, it is ſaid, was raiſed to this high ſtation by his learning and virtue.

He

He was born a peaſant, and was many years a begging Franciſcan friar, unnoticed till the late pope choſe him forth on account of his good ſenſe, learning, and unblemiſhed character, and made him conſultore of the inquiſition: in this ſituation he behaved ſo unexceptionably, that a hat being vacant, he was offered it. He refuſed it, ſaying, a poor begging friar had not wherewithal to ſupport the expences of a cardinal, and, that his ambition reached no higher than to remain all his life an humble diſciple of St. Francis. This anſwer, however, did not exempt him, for the pope inſiſted on his accepting the offered honor, and gave him carriages, ſervants, &c. &c. and an income ſuitable to his rank, when he was deſired to ſay where he would have his palace; he anſwered, in his own poor convent, and there he literally lived till he was called to the conclave to give his

vote for the election of a new pope; when, to his great aſtoniſhment, he was himſelf elected. Though, to ſay the truth, perhaps he was not exalted to this higheſt eccleſiaſtical dignity merely on account of his ſuper-eminent virtue; but perhaps becauſe he was a man the leaſt obnoxious to the emperor, the houſe of Bourbon, and other foreign potentates.

Methinks I ſee you ſmile to ſee me writing a papal hiſtory. I own it is the laſt taſk I ever ſhould have thought of undertaking; but it is ſo ſeldom that humility and greatneſs meet together, that, whenever it does happen, it is ſurely worthy of being recorded; and I know from experience that virtue is never pleaſing, even though its praiſes are ſung forth by the voice, or celebrated by the pen of the ungodly. I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

I Now mean to give you ſome account of the curioſities and riches which I have ſeen in modern Rome. I mean that ſmall part of them which I have had leiſure to view, and can remember; for I believe I need not ſay, to view this great city, and thoroughly to contemplate all its magnificence, would take up many more months than were allotted to one in my ſituation; though I am far from being convinced that I ſhould have ſeen much more, had it been in my power to have made a much longer ſtay in this city: for I am certain the mind may as eaſily be overcharged as the ſtomach; and that no memory can contain a vaſt

ſuperfluity of pictures, ſtatues, &c. Nay, I really think, whoever goes in the capacity of tutor to a young nobleman, ſhould merely let him ſee a certain portion of what is really fine and curious, and not let him become the dupe of a *Cicerone*, whoſe intereſt it is never to let him leave Rome while he can ſhew him a broken pillar, a mutilated ſtatue, or a ſingle claſſical veſtige of any kind whatever.

Leſt you ſhould not know what theſe *Cicerone's* are, I muſt inform you, they are a ſet of ſcurvy abbati's, to whom foreigners pay a ſettled ſalary, and give a conſtant place at their table, to be led about like bears by theſe *learned* gentlemen, to inſpect and be inſtructed in ancient and modern curioſities of Rome and its environs. As to the palaces, I have ſeen ſeveral, but thoſe that I think the moſt worthy of mentioning, are the *Pamphili*

phili and the *Colonna*, I mean of thoſe belonging to the great noblemen or princes, for that of the pope I ſhall mention in a diſtinct manner.

The rooms of the Pamphili palace are ſpacious, but in general gloomy, notwithſtanding they are illuminated by windows of plate glaſs of a ſufficient magnitude: this I attribute to moſt of them being hung with dirty crimſon damaſk, or velvet, on which many of the pictures, though fine, help to caſt dark and diſmal ſhades, their ſubjects being deadly and ſepulchral. But to ſay the truth, there is a great and well-choſen collection, and amongſt others a number of capital baſſans, a head of Chriſt, and another of Madona, on copper, by Albani; a Cook, by a Flemiſh maſter; a beautiful Madona, finely coloured, by Titian; and another famous one, with the infant Jeſus, by Guido, valued at 18,000 ſcudi. The gallery is alſo ſumptuouſly fitted up, and much lighter than the other parts of the palace.

After you have ſeen theſe, and ſome other apartments, ſuch as bed-chambers, anti-chambers, chambers of audience, with thrones (which are in all the palaces of Roman princes), you are carried up a dirty, narrow ſtair-caſe, two ſtories higher, into a kind of garret, before you arrive at which, you paſs through three iron doors, barred and locked with ten ſecret locks each, and then enter a room ſurrounded by cupboards, all of which have iron doors, and contain four or five ſervices of dinner plate, plate for a toilet, and one diſponſorio for the holy ſacrament, of carved gold, beſet with diamonds. All theſe are ſeldom made uſe of, and I make no doubt, but that the prince and princeſs eat macaroni off delf utenſils; for I was ſhewn another cloſet, where all the china, even the ornamental, was depoſited, for fear of fractures, and which made not half ſo good a figure, nor worth a third ſo much, as Deard's ſhop in Piccadilly.

In

In the Palazzo Colonna, I ſaw the moſt magnificent and well-proportioned gallery I ever beheld, ſupported by beautiful marble pillars, and pav'd with Sicilian jaſper. The whole is beautifully carved and gilt; likewiſe adorned with pictures by the greateſt maſters, particularly a famous Madona, by Reubens; a dead Chriſt and a Madona, by Guercino; a Pere Eternel and two cherubims, by Raphael; and four glaſſes at each end of the gallery, painted with flowers and figures, the firſt by Mario, the laſt by Carlo Maratti.

I alſo ſaw ſeveral other villas and palaces, in which were collected the ancient riches of Greece and Rome, but it would be too tedious to deſcribe them; let it therefore ſuffice to ſay, that the following chiefly claimed my admiration. In the Palazzo Borgheſe a Cupid, by Titian. In the Barberini palace, are numbers of pictures and ſtatues of ſome of the apoſtles, &c.

The ſtatues that particularly took my fanſy were, that of Narciſſus, Diana Epheſia, one of Seneca, and another of a fawn. Of the pictures, the Bacchanals, by Titian; the angel wreſtling with Jacob, by Caravaggio; and a beautiful Magdalen, by Guido.

In the Ghigi palace are many fine pictures, but particularly in the audience chamber, amongſt which I moſt admired a picture of St. John, the Madona, and the Infant, by Guido.

Around the court of Farneſe are ſeveral fine antique ſtatues, amongſt which are the famous Flora and Hercules, by Glycon; in this laſt every nerve and muſcle is viſible, and inconceivable ſtrength is expreſſed in its formation. Juſt out of the court, in a ſhabby building, like a ſtatuary's work-ſhop, is the famous group of the Toro Farneſe; it is really a curious work,

work, and is ſaid to have been carved out of one block of marble. Dirce is tied by the hair to the horns of a ſavage bull, and the cord by which ſhe is faſtened is ſo curiouſly worked, as to appear to be real. The two brothers, who are oppoſing their ſtrength to the bull's reſiſtance, are fine beyond expreſſion. There is alſo a dog barking, which is life itſelf. As to the mother of Dirce, in the hinder part of the group, I think her but a paſſive, indifferent figure.

But I fear you, my dear Sir, by this time begin to think yourſelf too paſſive to pore over, or liſten to the tedious narration of pictures, ſtatues, &c. of

Your affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER

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Your affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Dated from Rome.

I MUST now, my dear Sir, give you ſome account of the Vatican, which uſed to be the palace where the Popes reſided. It is contiguous to St. Peter's, and is ſaid to contain eleven thouſand five hundred and twenty-two chambers. Of theſe myſelf I never ſaw more than fifty or ſixty, and they were ſo indifferent, and ſo badly furniſhed, that I never wiſhed to ſee the reſt, many of which, I dare ſay, are bare walls, and the reſt uſeleſs offices of different denominations; for this palace is now uninhabited.

I was firſt carried to ſee the famous chambers painted by Raphael. He employed his talents here upon the walls, and they have been ungrateful enough to

ſuffer

ſuffer themſelves to be much viſited by the damps, which has greatly impaired the beauty of their adornings, notwithſtanding which I own I was much pleaſed with an angel over one of the windows, delivering Peter out of priſon; and with the School of Athens, in which there are portraits of Plato, Socrates, Diogenes, and many other philoſophers and their diſciples, the attention of whom is finely expreſſed, and all the figures perfectly well executed. There were ſeveral young artiſts employed copying this maſterly performance.

From hence I paſſed through ſeveral wretched, ill-furniſhed rooms, where the old Popes formerly reſided, and then entered a very long and narrow gallery, with the plans and maps of ancient and modern Italy painted on its walls. I then deſcended into a court, which is called the Corte de Belvidere, where the famous Apollo, the Antinous, and the original

group

group of Lacoon, are preſerved from the inclemencies of the air, in niches, with folding doors before them. It is not in the power of man to deſcribe with his pen, and hardly with his pencil, the perfect ſymmetry of the Apollo, the beauty of the Antinous, or the wondrous twiſting of the ſnakes round the tortured bodies of Lacoon and his children. They are, perhaps, the fineſt ſtatues in the whole world, and the Apollo and Lacoon are almoſt entire: the latter, indeed, is deficient in an arm of the father, which Michael Angelo meant to have ſupplied, but having half finiſhed his work, he deſpaired of ever coming near the excellence of the original, and therefore left it unfiniſhed, in which ſituation it now remains by the ſide of the ſtatue. The arms of the Antinous were never found, and no one would undertake to ſupply them. In this court are alſo three other very fine ſtatues, viz. two Venus's, and the emperor Commodus,

modus, ſon to Marcus Aurelius, but they are not comparable to the others.

After being delighted with theſe charming works, which, notwithſtanding, are very ill placed, I viſited the famous library, which conſiſts of ſeveral fine apartments, the walls of which are admirably painted by Frederick Zucchari, Rainaldo, Antonio da Urbino, and others, and repreſent many actions of popes and cardinals, and ſeveral villas of different parts of Rome. The books amount to ſixty thouſand volumes, and are concealed from ſight in preſſes, richly adorned; but ſome of the curious manuſcripts are ſhewn to foreigners, amongſt which are very old copies of Terence and Virgil. Adieu. I do not mean my manuſcript ſhould be as long as either of theſe.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Dated from Rome.

Dear Sir,

PERMIT me now to write you a letter on the antiquities. I fear this will be the moſt liable to cenſure of any I have ever offered to your inſpection; for, to ſay the truth, I am, if poſſible, leſs of an antiquarian, than of a connoiſſeur, and, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, an old wall affords me little pleaſure; neither do I believe that I ſhould have viſited half ſo many antique remains, had it not been for the reſpect I bore to thoſe who conſtructed them, whoſe great and glorious actions are rendered immortal by the pens of poets and hiſtorians.

The moſt perfect temple, Sir, that remains in Rome is the celebrated Pantheon.

It

It is an unpierced rotunda entirely, except by a large opening at the top, which lets in light to the whole building. The dome of it was covered formerly on the inſide with bronze, but this was taken away by a pope to form the pillars of St. Peter's high altar, as were ſeveral beautiful antique ſtatues (particularly one of the goddeſs Silence) by proud prieſts, to adorn their ſumptuous palaces; and it is now converted into a church, with ſeveral ſmall altars, though it is very unfit for the purpoſe. Before it is a facade, ſupported by vaſt Corinthian pillars of Egyptian granite: this was added to the original building by M. Agrippa, though, in my opinion, it wanted no addition. I have ſeen the vaſt ruins of the amphitheatre of Veſpaſian. It is now called the Coloſſeo: near half of it is almoſt entire: it conſiſts of four rows of arcades, of the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Compoſite orders: it is ſuppoſed to have been able

to

contain an hundred thouſand ſpectators, or upwards. The Arena, where the gladiators fought, and where the combats with the wild beaſts were exhibited, was exceedingly extenſive, as it was in this theatre, where Titus was ſaid to have produced fifty thouſand animals, which were all deſtroyed for the diverſion of the Roman people. Surely they were a barbarous nation! What ſhould we ſay now of an Engliſh woman, to ſit ſeveral hours to ſee boxers, or prize-fighters, combat in a bear garden, or ſee a bull-baiting at Hockley in the Hole? Should we not eſteem her vulgar, infamous, and wanting in that natural ſoftneſs, ſo amiable in the females of Albion? And yet, you well know, that the Roman ladies not only beheld theſe ſavage ſpectacles with delight, but even were known to have fought themſelves in the Arena. Aye, but you ſay, that this female boldneſs inſpired the men with courage, and made them more

reſolute

reſolute in the defence of their country. I deny it. I ſay it is unneceſſary. For, with us, where the fair are employed in the ſofteſt, and moſt delicate occupations, the *amor patriæ* burns as ſtrong in the manly boſoms; and I doubt, whether we have not had many of our generals equal, in every reſpect, to a *Julius Cæſar* or a *Pompey*.

But to return to my deſcription. The abovementioned theatre ſtands in the Campo Vaccino, formerly the Forum; and here, and near it, in the Circus Maximus, are the ruins of ſeveral temples and triumphal arches, viz. That of Giove Tonante, the Templum Pacis, the arch of Veſpaſian, the poor remains of the palace of the emperors, in which are ſeveral ſubterraneous baths, which I viſited; they are ſaid to have belonged to Livia, the ſiſter of Auguſtus, poor Ovid's

miſtreſs. In other parts of the city are vaſt remains of aqueducts, and others of temples, particularly of Minerva Medica, of Truth, of Virtue, of Mars, and the ruins of that of Venus and Cupid. There are alſo ſome mauſoleums, of which the largeſt and moſt perfect extant is the Moles Adriana, now converted into a fortreſs, and called the caſtle of St. Angelo.

There are alſo other circus's, vaſt catacombs, and every-where innumerable marks of antiquity; but the Goths and Vandals, both ancient and modern, have ſo dilapidated and deſpoiled them, that in moſt of them a battered column, or an ivy covered wall, is all that is remaining. Near the capital is the Tarpeian rock, which is now built upon, and conſequently raiſed higher, but it ſtill is no conſiderable height, and I am almoſt certain

tain, that ſhould a man be caſt from it, death would not be the conſequence, unleſs by mere accident: but the ground at the bottom is ſaid to be conſiderably raiſed, and ſo is the whole foundation of modern Rome, as is apparent from the foundation of Trajan's pillar, to the baſe of which you deſcend by ten or more ſteep ſteps. This, and the Colonna Antonina, are magnificent pillars, with much fine baſſo relievo around them; and indeed, almoſt all the ſquares of this noble city are ornamented with beautiful ancient pillars and obeliſks. Of the obeliſks, that in the ſquare before St. Peter's is the moſt ſuperb, and, I believe, the largeſt, one only excepted, which is Egyptian, and is ſo much broken that it never was, I believe, nor ſcarce ever will be erected, the maſs being ſo very ſtupendous: its baſe, however, ſtands upright, and the reſt of it lays along on a vacant ſpot in Rome,

but it is ſo put together, that its length and dimenſions may eaſily be diſcovered. Adieu,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Dated from Rome.

My dear Friend,

YOU aſcend the capital by a very handſome flight of ſteps, at the bottom of which are two ancient ſtatues of lions, which ſpout water from their mouths. At the top of them are the two famous coloſſean ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux, and their horſes.

Within a fine building, which ſerves for the palace of the ſenators of Rome, is a gallery and halls full of pictures and ſtatues, of which large collection I thought the following particularly ſtriking. Two Centaurs, in bronze. A dying Gladiator. An Antinous, and a Bacchus, in red Egyptian marble. A judgment of Paris,

by Guido Reni; and a Venus, by Titian. But what pleaſed me more than all the reſt, was, the equeſtrian ſtatue in the court, ſuppoſed to be of Marcus Aurelius. I have ſeen alſo, with great delight, the horſes on Monte Cavallo, ſaid to be the work of the two famous artiſts Phidias and Praxiteles. In ſhort, I have beheld more than I can remember, and if I could, more than it would be poſſible for me to ſet down in the compaſs of a few letters.

I will only tell you, that now my curioſity is pretty well ſatisfied, and in a ſhort time I ſhall leave Rome, although it is now far from being dull, as of an evening there are ten theatres open, and two great operas, this carnival. The women, indeed, are not allowed to appear on any of the ſtages, but eunuchs are ſo well dreſſed in female habits, that

one does not miſs them; and the ſcenes and dances are very excellent. One of the opera houſes is the largeſt, by much, of any I have ſeen in Italy; though that at Naples, they ſay, is more extenſive; but that city, with all its curioſities, I fear, muſt remain unviſited by your ſincere friend, as I have orders to join my regiment. Adieu. Believe me to remain

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Dated from Loretto.

Dear Sir,

I Am arrived here, in three days and a half, from Rome; it is one hundred and ſeventy-two Italian miles, and great part of the way lies over mountains, with dreadful precipices on each ſide of you. It is moſt of it made road, but pretty well kept in order, and I paſſed it all without difficulty or danger, except over the Cuore Fiuorito, which is a monſtrous mountain, twelve miles in extent, and was ſeveral feet deep in ſnow, and lately was a whole month entirely impaſſable.

In my way hither I have ſeen the towns of Ferni and Spoleto. Near the former there is a fine water-fall; but as it is five

miles out of the poſt road, I did not pay it a viſit. The latter is a large ſtraggling town, and the capital of Umbria. In the valleys I beheld, with pleaſure, the Hera, which is a rapid winding river, and which falls down the craggy rocks, in ſome places, in a very romantic and beautiful manner.

During this journey I was not often terrified, and never but once got out of my carriage; though I would not adviſe thoſe, who are by nature fearful, to proceed on this expedition, eſpecially in a two-wheeled chaiſe, as the falling of the ſhaft horſe might be attended with dangerous conſequences; and of this they would, doubtleſs, be in continual apprehenſion, when they were on the brink of precipices five or ſix hundred feet in height.

The

The town where I now am is neatly built, but far from being large or extenſive. It is famous for the *Santa Caſa*, or holy habitation of the Virgin and Jeſus Chriſt, which was formerly carried in the times of perſecution from Nazareth to Dalmatia, through the air, by angels: there it remained three years, and then, by the ſame ſpiritual guides, was brought hither, where it is ſaid to have remained ever ſince the year 1294. The houſe is now in the midſt of a handſome church, and is about the ſize of a ſmall cottage. Its walls are ſurrounded on the outſide, or rather encruſted with marble finely carved and decorated with baſſo relievo's; and before the window of it (through which the angel is ſaid to have ſaluted the Virgin) is raiſed a pompous altar, with vaſt ſilver lamps burning before it. Within the houſe the old brick walls are almoſt covered with ſilver and gold ornaments, in baſſo and alto relievo's, and juſt over the original fire-place is an

image

image in cedar of the Virgin, with the infant Jeſus in her arms. It is ill-carved, and grown quite black with age, but is ſaid to have been the work of St. Luke himſelf, though it does but little honour to the *inſpired* artiſt. No words can deſcribe the quantities of jewels with which this image is loaded: they ſay that, together with the numerous gold lamps burning around it, and the other golden ornaments near it, and within the walls, it is worth full 10,000,000 of crowns. In the treaſury are twenty or more large cupboards full of preſents from all the catholic ſovereigns, popes, cardinals, nobles, &c. Silver and gold figures, even as large as life, make but a poor appearance, there being ſuch quantities of precious ſtones in this rich repoſitory. Rubies, diamonds, ſaphires, emeralds and vaſt pearls, are formed into rings, croſſes, bracelets, necklaces, ſhrines, &c. &c. and are expoſed to the

the view of every ſpectator at certain hours of the day. This treaſury is ſaid to be worth 25,000,000 of crowns more; ſo that all the riches together of the Virgin amount to upwards of 8,000,000 ſterling. — A monſtrous ſum indeed! and wonderful it is, that attempts have not been made to plunder this treaſure, either by Jews, Turks, or Infidels. Certain it is, that it is very ill guarded by *earthly* powers, viz. by a few Italian ſoldiers, who are ſcarce comparable in any reſpect to our regiments of invalids, and who, very likely, would leave the all-powerful Lady of Loretto to defend herſelf in time of danger, and to extricate herſelf out of it by another miracle.

I wiſh in her next flight ſhe may ſet down in a certain iſland, where I am ſure ſhe would be well received; and her jewels and gold might then feed the hungry and cloath the naked, inſtead of being locked

up

up in preſſes to be ſtared at or prayed to by the curious or ſuperſtitious. Adieu. To-morrow I ſhall proceed on my journey to Venice, from which place you ſhall hear again from

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Dated from Venice.

My dear Friend,

FROM Loretto to Ancona are only two two poſts, about fourteen Engliſh miles. I arrived there in two or three hours, and was greatly pleaſed with that city. It is finely ſituated, on a high hill, and commands a beautiful and extenſive proſpect of the Adriatic ocean. Here is alſo a fine mole for ſhipping, but there were but few veſſels at this ſeaſon.

From hence I travelled ſeveral poſts on the ſands of the ſea, and lay in a bad inn, at an old town called Peſaro. The next morning I ſet out for Parly, intending to make a long day's journey; but ſeven miles before I got to Rimini, one of the braces of my chaiſe broke, and it was ſome time

time before I could get it tied up again with a ſtrong cord, which I purchaſed at a village. I was in hopes this would have held it together till I got to the town, but I found that in a quarter of an hour it gave way again. What could I do? The leaſt weight on that ſide preſſed ſo on the cords, that they had not power to hold up the heavy body of the chaiſe. At laſt I hit on an expedient which anſwered tolerably well, but was very inconvenient and diſagreeable:—it was this; I made my female companion ſit entirely on the further ſide of the vehicle, which of courſe eaſed the preſſure on the ropes, and I myſelf mounted behind on two large trunks, and thus made a ſhift to get on to Rimini, where a blackſmith repaired our broken equipage, and I once more ſet forward on my expedition. It was here, Sir, I quitted the Bologna road, and took that through Ravenna, which is the way the Venetian courier always paſſes. This I did by the

advice

advice of my Roman banker, Barrazzi, who told me it was ten or twelve poſts (above an hundred miles) nearer; that the road was good, and without hills, or any inconvenience, except ſome canals to ferry over; and that then I ſhould arrive eaſily at Chiozza, and embark there for Venice, which was a voyage by ſea only three or four hours at fartheſt: I followed his counſel, and you ſhall hear how it anſwered.

From Rimini to Ravenna are only four poſts; the roads were very indifferent, but excellent in compariſon of thoſe beyond Ravenna. I found thoſe all but impaſſable. They were in many places a foot deep in unmelted ſnow, and there were two canals to paſs at leaſt in every poſt. My horſes were then obliged to be unharneſſed and carried over firſt, and then the chaiſe was dragged by men into a ſmall narrow boat, and prevented, by

planks

planks laid acroſs from falling into the water. In this tottering condition it paſſed the Po, and other large rivers, not without difficulty and great danger; but when it arrived at the laſt paſſage of all, it could not be conveyed over on account of the river being immoderately ſwelled by the ſnows and rains for a few days before, and, *pour comble de rontreur*, it alſo blew then a violent ſtorm, and ſnowed exceſſively. Vexed and diſappointed, I went into the ferry-houſe, which was a ſmall cottage, and paſſed there a whole day and a night in a manner not to be deſcribed. They had nothing to eat but muſty pork, and nought to drink but poor wine, worſe than ſour cyder; and, to compleat my diſtreſs, I had a violent diſorder in my bowels and ſtomach, attended with a vomiting, and exceſſive thirſt, and could not procure a drop of freſh water to drink or make tea of, the ſea having during the ſtorm mixed itſelf with the river. I paſſed an uncom-

fortable night, almoſt ſleepleſs, on a wretched bed, on which I made a ſhift to ſpread my own ſheets, otherwiſe I could not have entered it. The next morning, however, by God's bleſſing, I was better, and got down a little broth, made of an old hen, killed the night before for that purpoſe.

The wind was then abated, and I ſent to Chiozza, three miles diſtant, for a barge, which arrived about two in the afternoon, and I embarked on board it in order to go down the canals of freſh water to Fuſina, for the ſea voyage from Chiozza was impracticable, on account of the inclemency of the weather. But this way of going was by far the furtheſt, and, for near forty Italian miles, I paid an exorbitant price, and was to be dragged by horſes all the way. Under one of the decks of the barge was a mattreſs,

full

full of vermin; on this I caſt my tired limbs, and what with fatigue, and want of reſt the night before, ſoon fell aſleep, in ſpite of every inconvenience. At one in the morning I expected to be at Fuſina, which is only five miles from Venice; this I did not doubt of performing, as I did not truſt to the winds. I fanſy you now think my difficulties were all at an end. I thought ſo too. But behold, we ſhall both be miſtaken. At eleven o'clock at night my ſlumbers were broken by a confuſed noiſe of prayers and execrations. I ſtarted up, and deſired to be informed what was the cauſe of them? I was anſwered, the canals were frozen up, that it was abſolutely impoſſible to proceed a yard further, and that I was then ten miles from Fuſina.

Luckily, near where this happened, there was an inn, in which I ſlept, on a

bed, till ſeven in the morning, and then ſent for poſt horſes to finiſh by land this my unfortunate expedition. The poſt maſter ſent me back word, that he had no horſes at home, but he fanfied I might be able to procure ſome in the neighbourhood. I got four, and after ſome difficulty diſembarked my carriage, tied my luggage on behind it, and once more ſet forward; but I had not gone an hundred yards, before the ſhaft horſe fell down, being as unable to ſupport my heavy chaiſe on its back, as the other three were to drag it through ſnows, which were, even in the road itſelf, a foot and a half in depth. I refuſed to pay for theſe bad horſes, but offered to pay a greater ſum to any one who could procure me four ſufficiently ſtrong to perform the journey.

A ſtander-by ſaid that he had four very able ones, which he would put into

a light open calaſh, which he was confident they could draw through the ſnows, but that to proceed with my *carrozzino* was impoſſible. This offer I was forced to accept, but the man lived a long mile diſtant from the inn, and I was obliged to walk to his houſe up to my mid-leg in wet ſnow; and poor Mrs. B—d was carried thither in a chair on ſix men's ſhoulders. My own chaiſe, baggage, &c. I left with my valet de chambre, with orders to wait until poſt horſes returned, to hire a ſufficient number of them, and to follow me to Venice. I at length ſet forth in a ſmall open chair, more uneaſy by half than an Engliſh cart, in which I had not got half a mile before it began to ſnow very hard, and ſo it continued to do until we got to Fuſina, which was in little leſs than three hours, although it was ſcarce eight miles diſtant. We were both wet

to the ſkin, almoſt ſtarved with cold, and my poor companion ſcarce ſenſible, when I conveyed her to a wretched bed, in a miſerable oſteria. We could get nothing to eat there but fiſh fried in ſtinking oil, and the wood with which the fire was made was ſo wet, that we were ſcarce able to raiſe flame ſufficient to dry our ſtorm-drench'd garments. After a ſhort ſtay here, I took a ſmall gondola, and in an hour arrived ſafe at Venice, where, in a few hours after, my man came with my baggage. I write you this letter the morning after my arrival; and I have the pleaſure to inform you, that neither of us have ſuffered in any reſpect from our late hardſhips, but are now, thank God, perfectly well, and in great ſpirits; and remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Dated from Venice.

Dear Sir,

A City built in the ocean, is ſurely one of the wonders of the world! Such is Venice. I had even longed to ſee it beyond all others, and had raiſed ſo very high my expectations, that I own, when I ſaw it, I was greatly diſappointed.

The truth is, it makes a much finer appearance in prints and pictures, than it does in reality, for there are twenty miſerable houſes for one good one, and even the palaces themſelves are old, ugly, gothic buildings.

There are canals of ſalt water run through every ſtreet, or, more properly ſpeaking, the ſtreets themſelves are built

in theſe canals, for the water comes up to the very doors. But moſt of the houſes have one door that goes out into a very narrow ſtreet, or alley, and by theſe alleys you may traverſe all Venice on foot, there being bridges of one arch built over all the canals; and this method I myſelf preferred to going on the water in a gondola.

A gondola, Sir, is a long black boat, rowed, or rather puſhed along by two men ſtanding upright. Towards the end of it there is a ſmall room, with little ſliding windows and a curtain, or ſometimes a door in front. There are within benches and cuſhions, and they are really commodious enough; but as they are obliged by a ſumptuary law to be all painted and lined with black, I cannot help thinking they reſemble hearſes, and, of courſe, convey melancholy ideas: beſides, I have often told you I hate the ſea, and all that belongs to it; and I am by no means

pleaſed

pleaſed to be for ever ſwimming about like a duck, eſpecially in cold raw weather; I therefore, contrary I believe to the cuſtom of foreigners in general, ſoon diſcharged my gondoliers, and became an humble peripatetic.

There are but two ſquares in Venice worth notice, and they are the great and little ſquares of Saint Mark. The large one is ſurrounded by old but handſome Gothic buildings, and has on two ſides of it a handſome piazza. The little one fronts the great canal, and has in it part of the Doge's palace, which is a large old pile, gloomy, and not very beautiful. In theſe two ſquares, and particularly in the largeſt, all the maſks aſſemble in the time of the carnival; but of theſe there are not ſo great a variety as in other parts of Italy; for moſt people of rank, inſtead of being ſplendidly habited, appear in a ſort of black cloaks, and kind of veils of the ſame diſmal

diſmal coloured gauze, with white maſks, and a man's hat on their heads. Theſe they call baouts and tabaras, and without this dreſs they ſcarce ever ſtir out of doors during the carnival, and the other times of maſquing, which is near eight months out of the twelve.

From the time the carnival begins to Aſh-Wedneſday there is a continual ridutto, which is nothing more or leſs than a licenſed gaming-houſe, open from morning to night, and from night to morning. There are about fourſcore different tables, where Faro and Baſſet banks are held by the noble Venetians, and at theſe all maſks may play indiſcriminately; and it is no uncommon thing to ſee gameſters there almoſt in rags. You know the banker at theſe games has a great advantage, and this ridutto brings in a very conſiderable ſum to the ſtate, but, doubtleſs, involves many a family in ruin, and is perhaps,

altogether,

altogether, one of the moſt deſtructive amuſements that ever was allowed in any country. The bankers will take almoſt any ſum, but nothing leſs than a ducat, about four ſhillings Engliſh. This is juſt the ſum one pays a day for a gondola; and notwithſtanding two men are to ſubſiſt on it, with perhaps each a wife and family, yet numberleſs gondaliers reſort there, and game with all the ſpirit of an Engliſh nobleman. If they win, I believe they are ſcarce ever better fed or cloathed, but loſe it all perhaps the next evening; getting it, as the ſaying is, like horſes, and parting with it like aſſes. Theſe gondaliers, as you muſt think, are vaſtly numerous; but they are ſaid to be an exceeding well governed body of men, and hardly ever to have created any diſturbance. They are admitted into all the theatres gratis, and are remarkable there for their decency and good behaviour. At Venice there are ſeven theatres now

open,

open, but none of them very magnificent, though ſome of their actors are very excellent.

Upon the whole, I do not think this city ſo very full of gaiety, as it is ſaid to be; neither do I find any vaſt amuſement in ſeeing a number of Chriſtian fools, with varniſhed faces, as Shylock calls them, with whom I am not acquainted; and to addreſs whom as a ſtranger, would be looked upon as the height of ill-breeding. Indeed it has one advantage over all other places in the univerſe, and that is, its being far beyond the fam'd iſle of Cyprus, and the ſpot where Venus delights and revels, and has all her hidden myſteries performed *en couvert*, by the help of maſks, gondolas, &c. &c. Adieu.

Yours moſt ſincerely.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Dated from Venice.

Dear Sir,

IN this city the moſt numerous, as well as moſt ſplendid temples, are dedicated to the deities of pleaſure and diſſipation; to theſe all ranks of people make oblations, and are ſo entirely taken up with the adoration of theſe enchanted idols, that every other kind of devotion ſeems abſolutely forgotten. To ſay the truth, I have ſeen leſs of the Roman Catholic religion, leſs of its mummery, and leſs of its ſcenery in Venice, than in any other part of either France or Italy. I once indeed ſaw a friar in the piazza di St. Marco, preaching away to ſeveral maſks with great earneſtneſs, but they ſoon became wearied with the ſage diſcourſe of their teacher,

teacher, and left him, in order to pay their reſpects to the comedia and the ridutto.

Notwithſtanding that I am convinced that there are not many Venetian enthuſiaſts, yet there are in this city ſeveral handſome edifices raiſed to the God of the Chriſtians: of theſe the Redemptore, and the cathedral of St. Mark, pleaſed me the moſt; the former being a beautiful building, and the latter a fine old Gothic pile, with a great deal of moſaic both within and without, of excellent workmanſhip, though ſomething impaired by the deſtructive hand of time.

You may be ſure that, as a ſoldier, I did not neglect ſeeing the famous arſenal. I own it fully anſwered my expectation; it is no leſs, Sir, than three miles round, and is the place where all the ſhips are built, the cannons caſt, &c. beſides a repoſitory for the arms and ammunition. I

ſaw

ſaw there twelve new men of war building, of eighty guns each, all under cover, beſides ſeveral frigates, &c. There were about ſix thouſand pieces of cannon, but not near ſo well preſerved as ours are in the Tower of London. There were indeed four halls of ſmall arms, equally well kept, and as elegantly diſpoſed, as thoſe in our ſmall armoury, and much in that manner.

I was ſhewn here the famous Bucentaur, or barge, in which the Doge goes out in on Aſcenſion-day, to wed the Adriatic. It is a moſt elegant ſtructure, of an hundred feet in length, ſuperbly carved and gilt, and is ſaid to have coſt 50,000l. ſterling. It has two decks, on the uppermoſt of which are ſeats for the magiſtrates and the ſenate, and at one end the throne for the prince, on the undermoſt are the rowers. It is ſaid to be a moſt magnificent

cent ceremony, but not ſo fine a ſight as a *regatta*, or race of boats, which laſt is given generally in compliment to ſome foreign potentate, during his reſidence in Venice; but as I have ſeen neither, you cannot expect a deſcription of them.

I remain, yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Dated from Milan.

Dear Sir,

AFTER above a month's ſtay at Venice I began to be tired of bautes, tabaras, maſks, canals, and riduttos, and leaving them all, without much regret, I once more put myſelf into a *hearſe*, and ſet forward for Fuſina. On my arrival there, I found it neceſſary to put eight horſes to my poſt chaiſe, by the help of which, with much difficulty, I dragged through the melted ſnow to Padoua. In my way thither I paſſed by the ſide of the river Brenta: on this river the Venetians have made the following rhime,

Queſta ricca Brenta,
E' mai contenta;

alluding to the number of country palaces built on its banks. They belong to the nobility of the Republic, and here they come in the ſummer to make their villiagiatura. Some of theſe villas are very magnificent, and built on the moſt elegant deſigns, adorned with beautiful ſtatues, &c. but they, like the houſes in Venice, are diſgraced by miſerable caſements, of ill-coloured panes of gloomy glaſs. As to the river itſelf, it is, in my opinion, very unworthy of having its banks ſo ornamented, it being nothing more than a very narrow canal, navigable only by boats and barges. I ſlept at Padoua that night, and left it early the next morning; I cannot, therefore, give much deſcription of that city; though, to ſay the truth, I believe there is not much to deſcribe, for it appeared to me to be old and very ill built; it was alſo horribly paved, and the ſnow lay in great heaps in every ſtreet. I well knew

knew there is a fine univerſity in it, and was deſired to pay it a viſit, but I declined that honor, having long bid adieu to Alma Mater, and all her edifices.

The ſecond day I reached Vicenza, at which, I own, I was ſorry not to have made a longer ſojourn than four days, for it is a very fine city, and many of the palaces are moſt elegant ſtructures, built after the beauteous deſigns of the famous Palladio. It took up near a whole day to get to Verona, on account of the roads being almoſt impaſſable.

Verona is a fine city, neat and clean as one of ours in little England; and there is here, part of an ancient amphitheatre remaining, which I beheld with much delight and admiration. It is not ſo large as that at Rome, and the outſide is almoſt deſtroyed; but within it is quite entire, which is the exact contrary to the coloſſeum: from theſe two,

however, poſterity is able to judge very exactly of thoſe ſort of edifices; and indeed, theſe two amphitheatres are both equally noble monuments of antiquity. From hence I found the roads tolerable, and made a very eaſy day's journey to *Breſcia*. In my way thither I paſſed by the ſide of the famous *Lago di Garda*; it is the largeſt in Italy, and looks like a ſmall ſea, being forty-five miles in length, and fifteen in breadth. Its ſhores are bounded, on ſome parts, by ſtupendous rocks, which cauſe the waters to be rapid and full of waves; but they are quite freſh, and are ſaid to be medicinal.

Breſcia is the city that was half deſtroyed, laſt Auguſt, by a flaſh of lightning falling on a magazine in which there were near nine hundred barrels of gunpowder.

It is, at preſent, in a very ruinous condition, on account of that dreadful calamity,

mity. The next day I paſſed through no town of conſequence, except *Bergamo*, which is a pretty neat town, ſituated on a ſmall eminence, and the capital of that country of which *Arlechino* is a native.

I was in hopes to have reached Milan this night; but the weather proving bad, and it being dark, I took up my quarters at a tolerable *auberge* two poſts and a half diſtant, and reached it ſafe and well the next day to dinner. Adieu.

I remain, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Dated Milan.

Dear Sir,

AFTER about ten days reſidence at Milan, my curioſity was fully ſatisfied; to ſay the truth, it has not a great deal to ſhew to a foreigner that is worthy of his obſervation, particularly after his tour through Italy. It is a very large city, but not built in a ſtriking or elegant manner; the ſtreets are, notwithſtanding, *bien percées*, wide and convenient, and there is a vaſt Gothic cathedral, much adorned on the outſide by carvings and a number of fine images.

At this time the city is gay beyond expreſſion, it being at the very end of the carnival, which laſts here three days longer than in any other part of Italy, and, on this

this account, it is reſorted to by the inhabitants of all the neighbouring ſtates, who are very deſirous to partake with the Milaneſe of this particular indulgence. It was not a little ſurpriſing to me to ſee an *opera* and *private ball* at court on Aſh-Wedneſday, as that day is, even in Proteſtant countries, held very ſacred; but here it was no *faſt*, but a *feaſt*, productive of great joy and merriment.

After the opera there was alſo a ridotto and a maſked public ball at the theatre, which was continued for three nights ſucceſſively. I muſt here obſerve, that it is aſtoniſhing how ſoon the theatre is prepared for the abovementioned ball; for though the opera is performed in it the ſame evening, the floor is laid over the pit, the ſcenes, &c. removed, and all the alterations and decorations compleated, ſo as to re-admit the company, in leſs than two hours.

The court at Milan is now that of the Duke of Modena and his grand-daughter, a princeſs of eighteen years old, affianced to the Arch-Duke, brother to the Emperor, who is to eſpouſe her, when he is of a proper age to enter into the holy ſtate of matrimony. At preſent the Duke of Modena is Governor of Milan, and will continue ſo during the Arch-Duke's minority. I was preſented both to the Princeſs and the Duke of Modena, and had the honour (together with ſome others of my countrymen) of being moſt graciouſly received, but I had near been guilty of a *faux pas*, which was that of laughing in the Duke's face, which would have been the ſame accident that happened on the like occaſion to the Emperor. I aſſure you it was with great difficulty I reſtrained my riſible faculties, for of all the figures I ever beheld, the old Duke was the moſt ridiculous. He is now turned of ſeventy-two, notwithſtanding which he affects

youthful gaiety in his habit, wears a wig, in which are a hundred little curls, with ſeveral ſmall favorite ringlets wantonly falling on his neck and forehead: his face is filled up with white paint, and his cheeks are rouged up like thoſe of a Pariſian lady of quality. I fancy you cannot read this deſcription without ſmiling; what then would you have done in the ſituation of

Your affectionate friend?

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Dated Turin.

My dear Friend,

I Met with a *vitturino* at Milan belonging to Turin, who had a pair of very ſtrong horſes, which he offered to put to my chaiſe, and with one more for my valet de chambre, to convey me hither in half a day more than we could have gone it poſt, to wait there as long as I pleaſed, it being his home, and then to carry me over the Alps, in ſeven days more, to Lyons. He was to defray all expences, eating included, for me and my companions, &c. for fifty ſequins. He has performed part of his agreement, and brought us hither in ſafety, without any other diſagreement, except the neceſſary one of travelling a foot pace. As to my nouriſhment,

nouriſhment, it was always the beſt the inns afforded, ſo that hitherto I have all the reaſon in the world to be contented. In my way hither I paſſed through a very pleaſant country, and found the roads excellent. I croſſed ſeveral rivers, but many of them were ſo dry at this ſeaſon, that the ferry boats were uſeleſs, but they are neceſſary in the ſummer, when the waters are greatly ſwelled on account of the melting of the ſnow on the mountains.

Between Milan and Turin there are no places worth remarking, nor any towns of conſequence; thoſe two cities are about eighty miles diſtant from each other. The city of Turin is ſmall, but remarkably well built, and has within its walls ſome handſome palaces and ſpacious ſquares; particularly the Place des Armes, and the Piazza del Caſtello, in the latter

of

of which are the palaces of the king of Sardinia, and the duke of Savoy. All around this ſquare are covered colonades, and in theſe there is kept a continual fair for all kind of merchandiſe.

The facade of the duke of Savoy's palace is very beautiful, and has lately been added to the old building, to which it bears no reſemblance.

The royal palace is large and commodious, and ſome of the apartments are well furniſhed, and ornamented with capital paintings. The whole town is ſurrounded by ramparts, now, not kept in the beſt repair; but they afford a delightful and healthy walk for the inhabitants, and the proſpect from them, which is bounded by the Alps, appears very majeſtic.

As

As Lent is now begun, and Italy, of courſe, very dull, all amuſements being at an end, except *converſazzionis*, I mean in a few days hence to croſs theſe mountains. After my paſſage over them, expect an account from

Your affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Dated Lyons.

I AM once again, my dear friend, arrived in this city, after a ſeven day's wearisome pilgrimage; and I now ſit down to give you ſome account of my late expedition.

I left Turin as ſoon as it was light, on a very cold morning, and ſet forward a ſnail's pace, as is uſual for vitturinos. I paſſed through a fine avenue for about twelve miles, and then arrived at a ſmall town, where there is an old country-ſeat of the late king's, pleaſantly ſituated on an eminence, but which is now no longer inhabited. From hence to a village where we dined, the road was ſtony and indifferent, and in the afternoon moſt execrable, as I then began to get among the mountains. I lay at a beggarly town called

Suza,

Suza, and after two hours march the next morning got to La Noailles, a village built at the foot of mount Cenis. Here my carriage was taken to pieces, and put on the back of mules, as was all my baggage; a heavy load, indeed, for theſe poor animals, and for that in particular, who, though a very ſmall beaſt, was obliged to ſupport the whole weight of the body of my heavy carriage. I myſelf was ſeated in a ſmall elbow chair, with a foot-board and poles like a ſedan, and was carried in ſtraps by two men, who were relieved alternately by four others. In this manner we reached in leſs than three hours the top of the mountain, which you aſcend in a circular manner, by a narrow-paved road made for that purpoſe, which is railed in, where the precipice is very terrible, and in paſſing which there is not the leaſt ſhadow of danger. We found ſcarce any ſnow or ice, till we reached the ſummit, the ſeaſon having been remarkably favorable.

On

On the top I quitted the chair, and got into a carriage called a *traineau*, which is a ſort of ſledge drawn by a horſe or mule, with a guide ſitting before you: in this I went rather faſt on the ſnows for about three leagues, on a dead flat, and then arrived at the deſcent, when the horſe was unharneſſed, and the ſledge was dragged a few yards by the guide, till it came to the brink of the precipice: he then ſeated himſelf in it, gave it a ſhove, and we deſcended ſwift as an arrow ſhot from a bow, ſo that in about ſix minutes we reached the bottom. Methinks, my dear friend, I ſee you ſhudder at the idea: I aſſure you I myſelf was ſomewhat alarmed, and did not altogether reliſh ſuch ſort of flying, although it is not attended with the danger one ſhould naturally imagine; for the man who ſits before you is able to guide the machine entirely, and notwithſtanding the rapidity of the motion, by means of an iron chain which ſticks in the

the ſnow underneath the carriage, he is able to ſtop it at pleaſure. I lay this night at Lanenbourgh, a village at the foot of the mountain, and there had the pleaſure of giving a ſupper to the old rector, who has for forty years paſt reſided on the top of mount Cenis, and been viſited there by many of my travelling countrymen, all of whom he receives very politely, and entertains in a very hoſpitable manner, in his forlorn parſonage, near which there is neither houſe nor hut, except an hoſpital for the reception of poor people croſſing the Alps, of which charity the good man is the worthy ſuperintendant. He is now very near fourſcore years of age, and ſcarce ever quits his habitation, except to come to confeſſion, as was the caſe when I ſaw him at Lanenbourgh. He is very healthy and chearful, learned and ſenſible; and was of great ſervice to the Piedmonteſe officers, in the war they had thirty years ago with their French neighbours, as he

was perfectly acquainted with all their paths by which it was poſſible to paſs the mountains. An Engliſh nobleman paſſed three weeks with him laſt winter, merely for the pleaſure of hunting wolves, and other wild animals, amongſt the ſnows.

The third day I rode about thirty miles on a mule, as it was not poſſible to go in a carriage; and to ſay the truth, the former day's work was play compared to this; for I found a great quantity of deep ſnow, the roads were very bad, and moſtly very narrow, and on the brink of precipices five or ſix hundred feet high: but I will freely own, that I was in ſome degree made amends, by the proſpects that preſented themſelves to my aſtoniſhed eyes, and which it is ſcarce poſſible to deſcribe; let it ſuffice to ſay, that they were beautifully wild and romantic; the vaſt cataracts and water-falls, the ſtupendous rocks, the rapid rivers, and the large groves of pines,

forming

forming altogether one of the moſt ſtriking and awful views I had ever beheld, and which I often gazed upon, till my head was almoſt giddy with a mixture of delight, horror, and admiration. I lay this night at a ſmall town called *St. Michel*, in a ſtrange old-faſhioned inn, which had much the air of an enchanted caſtle. Its ſtructure was Gothic, its chambers ſpacious, and ſo numerous, that ſeveral remained entirely unfurniſhed, as did a very long gallery, in the walls of which, and over the doors of all the chambers, were Latin mottos, painted in different coloured letters, and on various ſubjects. I could get no certain intelligence what this houſe originally was, as it had been an inn for half a century.

During all this and the next day's journey, my eyes were ſhocked with the ſight of peaſants, who had almoſt all of them

great wens in their throats, and ſeveral who had two, nay, even three, of thoſe horrid excreſcences. I was told the cauſe was attributed to their living in an unwholeſome air, and to their drinking ſnow-water. They ſaid theſe ſwellings, when large, were very troubleſome, but ſeldom attended with any fatal conſequence.

The fourth day I got into my carriage; and the road was ſo good, that I might have gone poſt with pleaſure and ſafety; but the proſpects were leſs extenſive, and rather gloomy, as we were ſurrounded by high impending rocks all the day. At night we lay at a vile inn at *Ecabelle*, where the biggotted landlord would give us nothing but a beaſtly maigre ſupper, which greatly enraged the careful voiturin, and the half famiſhed travellers. The fifth night we paſſed at *Chamberry*, a beggarly ill-built town, yet the capital

of

of Savoy. This day's journey was much like the former, only the rocks and mountains began to leſſen, and on the ſixth we entirely took our leave of them, after having paſt through what is called the Grotto, which is a narrow road, cut for half a quarter of a mile, through vaſt rocks, which ſurround you on all ſides, ſo that you ſeem to be in a cavern as gloomy as the pit of Acheron.

This day at dinner we entered into the French territories, after having croſs'd a bridge over a river, which parts France from Savoy, and is (perhaps improperly enough) called *Pont Bon Voiſin*. Here I was obliged to ſhew myſelf to the commandant, and tell him from whence I came, and whither I was going, before I could have leave to proceed; but this caution may perhaps be very neceſſary on the frontiers of ſo great a kingdom.

I paſs'd this night at the village of *Tour la Pin*, and after an agreeable journey the next day arrived ſafe the ſeventh evening at Lyons, and with a good ſupper, and an excellent night's reſt at the *Auberge du Parc*, recruited my ſtrength, which was a little impaired by my late fatigues and dangers.

Adieu. I remain

Yours, alternately.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Dated Calais.

BEHOLD me now, my dear friend, at my journey's end, ready and willing to return to my own native country, which I think I ſhall now hail with great ſatisfaction; not that I am infected with the Swiſs diſeaſe, but I am convinced that any one may ſay to me with much juſtice, "*Vidiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti, tempus abire tibi eſt:*" and therefore I leave the *bella Italia* without a ſigh, and the vaſty field of France without regret, in order to haſten to the only region in the univerſe which can be ſaid to be the reſidence of Liberty.

But methinks I hear you ſay, Surely I muſt have had a moſt agreeable as well as

expeditious voyage from Lyons hither; and I believe you begin to imagine I flew through the air on a broom-ſtick, as I have neglected, contrary to my uſual cuſtom, to ſet down the occurrences during ſo long a journey:—Why the truth is this, I have not much to relate: for as to Lyons, that I have perhaps too accurately deſcribed in my former letters; and as to my journey from thence, I can only give you this account of it, which is not very entertaining. I determined to return by Paris, which is ſixty-one poſts diſtant from Lyons, and the road affords nothing worth mentioning after having paſſed Dijon, except the river *Yonne*, which runs through the richeſt and moſt verdant paſtures in ſerpentine meanders, and is, I think, the moſt beautiful paſtoral ſtream I ever beheld: and the foreſt of Fontainbleau, in the midſt of which ſtands a large old hunting-ſeat of the King's, and which he often viſits,

viſits, in order to partake of that diverſion. The foreſt is very extenſive, and affords a ſhelter for wolves, wild boars, ſtags, &c. of all which there are great plenty; and there are walks and rides cut through in great plenty through all parts of it. As to the caſtle itſelf, it is an old ugly pile, very gloomy and ill furniſhed, and, when the Court does not reſide there, is abſolutely uninhabited.

On account of a great fall of ſnow, and the often breaking of my conſtant companion the old Italian vehicle, I was not at Paris until the ſixth evening, and then I entered it for the ſecond time in my life with unſpeakable pleaſure. It is certainly the court of idleneſs and diſſipation, I would not willingly ſay of folly. To ſee a Pariſian, or even an inhabitant of Paris, with a face of care, is a wonderful phænomenon; and it is a more common thing to ſee a native of France out at the elbows than

than out of humour; all there are gay, and it is all *gaiety itſelf*; all ſeems to reſound the ſong and the dance, and it is the gayeſt city in the univerſe. But, Sir, I am obliged to conclude, wiſhing you all health and happineſs; and am

Your ever affectionate friend,

and obliged humble ſervant,

G. L. AYSCOUGH.

FINIS.

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